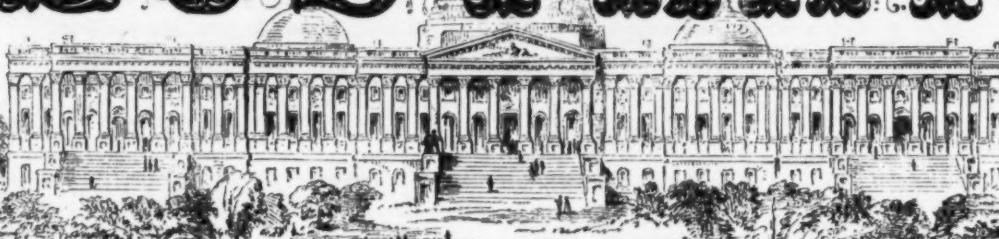


# FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY HARVEY



## NEWSPAPER

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[PRICE 8 CENTS.

### The Territory of Arizona.

AT the last session of Congress the bill for the erection of the Territory of Arizona was approved by the Senate, and became a law. The new Territory is bounded on the east by New Mexico, on the north by Utah and Nevada, on the west by California, and on the south by the Mexican State of Sonora. It contains 120,912 square miles. It is probably the richest mineral region belonging to the United States. Besides the silver mines, exceedingly heavy deposits of quicksilver, lead and copper have been found in Arizona. The recent discoveries on the Colorado and Gila rivers, and near San Francisco mountain, have attracted throngs of miners from California.

Tucson, the principal settlement in Arizona, is in the southern part of the Territory, only 100 miles from the Sonora line, and but 200 miles, in a direct line, from the Mexican port of Libertad, upon the Gulf of California.

Major Ferguson, of the 1st California Volunteers, last winter surveyed a road between the two points,

His report to Gen. Carleton, which demonstrates the feasibility of the route, has been published by the Senate. The opening of a good port upon the Gulf would make the Territory accessible, and rapidly increase its population and the development of its resources.

HON. JOHN N. GOODWIN,  
Governor of Arizona.

JOHN N. GOODWIN was born in South Berwick, Maine, in 1824. Messrs. Eben and William H. Goodwin, of this city, long known as enterprising and successful merchants and manufacturers, are members of the same family. John, fitted for college at Berwick Academy, entered Dartmouth College in 1840, and graduated in 1844. He studied law, and entered upon his practice in his native village in 1849. In 1854 he was elected to the Senate of Maine; in 1855 he was appointed Commissioner to revise the special laws of that State; and in 1860 was elected to Congress from the Portland district. Mr. Goodwin's course in Congress was in every way creditable to himself and to the country. Among those measures which attracted his especial attention and interest was the bill for the admission of Arizona,

and on its becoming law he accepted the post of Chief Justice of the new Territory.

Upon the sudden death of Gov. Gurley, just as he was about to start for the Territory, the officers requested the appointment of Mr. Goodwin to his place. The President very promptly acceded to the request, and the expedition started without delay, and is by this time well over the plains. The train left Fort Leavenworth early in the month, and were to go by Santa Fe and the Mesilla valley. The distance from Leavenworth to Tucson, the proposed capital of Arizona, is no less than 1,600 miles.

Gov. Goodwin is possessed of qualities which will undoubtedly make him alike successful in the difficult and responsible duties incident to the organization of the most recent, and in some respects the most important of our territorial domains.

HON. RICHARD M'CORMICK,  
Secretary of Arizona,

Is a native of New York city. His literary reputation dates from the siege of Sebastopol, in the winter of 1854-5. He was more than a month in the camps of the Allies, during which time he wrote for the *Courier and Enquirer* of this city a number of letters, remarkable for truthfulness,

fore and duty. These productions were exten-

sively copied. His book, "Six Weeks Before Sebastopol," published by the Appletons, was republished in London.

Other product of his European tour was his pleasant and useful little work, entitled "St. Paul to St. Sophia."

After the decease of his father he took up his residence at Jamaica, Long Island. He soon became a public favorite. His occasional extemporaneous addresses, or more elaborate orations and lectures, were always warmly received. In 1861 he was invited by Mr. W. C. Bryant to a place in the editorial corps of the *Evening Post*. When the present war broke out Mr. McCormick was deemed to be fitted by his Crimean experience to represent the *Post* at the scene of active hostilities. His descriptions of several battles which he witnessed are among the best that have appeared. In the battle of Bull Run he stood by the side of Gen. Wood, then Col. of the 14th Brooklyn, when he fell. His account of the battle of Williamsburg is regarded as the best account that has been rendered.

Impressed with the want of an Agricultural Department as a distinct bureau of the Government, he assisted materially in getting a bill through Congress for that purpose. Under that law he was recom-



SHAVING IN CAMP—A SCENE IN GENERAL MEADE'S ARMY NEAR CULPEPER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

mended for the Commissionership by the New York delegation, but yielded to the claims of Mr. Newton and accepted the office of Chief Clerk. The following year he was nominated for Congress, but was defeated, although he had the satisfaction of having run far ahead of the ticket.

Upon the organization of a Territorial Government for Arizona, Mr. McCormick's nomination to the Secretarieship by the President was unanimously confirmed by the Senate.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ELEANOR'S VICTORY.—The conclusion of this story will appear in our next.

### Summary of the Week.

THE President, by a proclamation dated 17th of Oct., calls for 300,000 men, to be raised by volunteering or draft.

### VIRGINIA.

The army of the Potomac has withdrawn from the line of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and is now near the old battle ground of Bull Run. On the 10th Kilpatrick crossed Robertson's river, and a brisk fight ensued with a cavalry force under Stuart, supported by Ewell. On the 12th Gregg fought them near Sulphur Springs. These movements showed rebel plans that induced Meade to fall back.

On the 13th Stuart and A. P. Hill attacked Meade's rearguard, under Warren, at a place called Auburn, between Catlett's station and Warrenton, opening with his batteries on the Second corps; but Warren was speedily in position and repulsed the enemy with loss. In the afternoon Hill made another dash to cut off the Second corps, after attacking the rear of the Fifth corps.

When the head of the Second corps had reached Kettle run, near Bristow station, Hill made a terrible onslaught on both corps. The Second corps was on the east side of the railroad track and used the road embankment at several points for breastworks with decided advantage. The enemy charged at one time up to the embankment, when a portion of the Second corps charged in turn, capturing some 700 or 800 prisoners and one battery of artillery, mostly of Heath's division.

Several other charges were made, and each time the enemy were forced back with great slaughter, leaving their killed and wounded in our hands. A rapid artillery fire was kept up on both sides until long after dark, when the enemy gave up and retired.

On Thursday night, the 15th, the Second army corps was in line of battle, its left resting on Bull Run. The baggage and transportation trains had been sent to the rear, and the sutlers were ordered to Alexandria. The rebels opened fire from a battery at long range and without effect upon the supply trains of the corps. Their battery was speedily silenced, and a lively infantry skirmish ensued, continuing some two hours, Gen. Webb's and Gen. Hayes's divisions sustaining the principal fire of the enemy, with a loss of five slightly wounded in the former and two only in the latter division.

At six o'clock in the evening all was quiet. The smoke of the rebel camp fires indicated that they had fallen back to Manassas, in the immediate vicinity of the brick house where Gen. Beauregard had his headquarters before the first Bull Run battle.

### WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The rebels, to the number of 1,000, under Col. W. L. Jackson, attacked Gen. Kelley's outpost at Billtown, Baxton county, on the 13th at 4 A. M., and were not finally repulsed till 4 P. M., when they retreated and were pursued by the American cavalry.

### NORTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Foster reports as the result of the recent expedition under Gen. Wistar after guerrillas in Mathews county, Va., the destruction of about 150 boats and schooners, the capture of 80 head of beef cattle, bound to Richmond, and 4 rebel officers and 20 men made prisoners.

### SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rebels have offered \$60,000 in gold for the destruction of the Ironsides, and on the 5th attempted to blow her up with a torpedo, but the assaulting vessel was destroyed, her

commander and one seaman captured, the rest lost.

On the 8th the James island batteries bombarded Wagner vigorously, killing three and wounding 12. The next day Gen. Gillmore silenced Fort Johnson.

### ALABAMA.

Last month a perilous expedition was made into the interior of Alabama by Lieut. Tramel and 10 men of the 1st Alabama National cavalry. They were absent two weeks, and returned with 110 recruits for their regiments, obtained in Fayette, Walker, Winston and Pickens counties.

### TENNESSEE.

The rebel cavalry, under Gen. Wheeler, have failed to commit any great damage on the communications of Rosecrans's army, and hotly pursued by McCook, had retreated beyond the Tennessee. He lost 120 killed, and 300 prisoners at Shelbyville, and 300 more at Fayetteville.

Roddy also crossed and attempted to reach Winchester, but finally retired in haste.

A battle ensued on the 6th in the rebel army which excited considerable surprise within our lines. It seems that the Georgia militia refused to cross the State lines, but were attacked by the regulars and compelled to submit.

Forces of rebel cavalry and artillery, reported at from 8,000 to 15,000 strong, have been threatening the Memphis and Charleston railroad for some days. Gen. Hurlbut's force has been constantly skirmishing with them, defeating every attempt to do serious damage. Ruggles, Chalmers and Lee are said to be in command under Joe Johnson.

Bishop Polk has been relieved of his command in Bragg's army.

On the 11th Chalmers destroyed the Memphis and Charleston railroad near Germantown in three places, and attacked a train carrying Maj.-Gen. Sherman with the 13th regulars and 66th Indiana near Colliersville; but Sherman, after a long and obstinate fight, repulsed them.

There has been considerable fighting on the Taliahattchee. Col. Mercer, with the 3d Michigan cavalry, drove Richardson over the river and back to Okolona; and Col. Hatch drove the rebel Chalmers across the same river.

### MISSOURI.

Shelby and Coffee, in their invasion of the State, reached Booneville, Oct. 11, plundering all the towns on their way. Shelby divided his force near Arrow Rock on the 13th.

Gen. Fiske, at Pilot Knob, reports that the expedition to Arkansas met a body of rebels under Reeves and Crandall at Pittman's ferry, killed 13, and captured a number, including one lieut.-col., one major and two captains.

On the 7th Major Watson surprised a camp of rebels in Lawrence county, capturing one captain, three lieutenants and 56 privates, and all the horses and arms, and destroying the camp.

On the 11th an artillery fight occurred at Dug ford, in which the rebels were defeated, with a loss of 20 killed. The rebels then divided into four squads, one going to Langton, another toward Sedalia, and the other two on the intervening roads. Gen. Brown was fighting the Sedalia squad, Phillips and Rosse were going toward Lexington, and Major Lazar in the centre.

Gen. Brown brought the rebels under Shelby to a decisive engagement on the 13th. The fight was obstinate, and lasted five hours. The rebels were finally completely routed and scattered in all directions, with the loss of all their artillery and baggage, and a large number of small arms and prisoners.

### LOUISIANA.

The rebels recently made an attempt to capture Col. Farrar's negro regiment at Vidalia, opposite Natchez, and to destroy a pontoon train, but Farrar attacked them so vigorously with a few men that in 20 minutes they beat a hasty retreat.

On the 9th Gen. Banks had left New Orleans for the headquarters of the army, which had safely arrived at Iberia, in good health and fine spirits. The affair at Morganza was more important than at first supposed. The enemy were repulsed, but with a Union loss of 15 killed, 35 wounded and 500 prisoners. There had been heavy skirmishing between the enemy and Weitzel's artillery and cavalry.

### NAVAL.

The blockade-runner R. E. Lee, carrying rebel navy officers from Wilmington to Halifax, escaped the blockaders at the former port, but not without receiving one shell that entered her and exploded on board.

The United States supply steamer Union

reports that she captured on the 11th inst. the rebel blockade-runner Spaulding, with a valuable cargo from Nassau, bound to Wilmington.

### NOTES AND TOPICS.

#### Laird's Iceberg Boats or Rams.

WE have, it seems, been unnecessarily alarmed about Laird's boats. A recent English paper says: "Lord John Russell has declared that he will stop the departure of Mr. Laird's new vessels, El Toussan and El Monassir, and says that if there is no law to stop them he will get Parliament to pass an act. It is melancholy to see a Premier of England driven to such a piece of high-handed tyranny by the whining, grumblings or threats of a miserable Yankee Government. He admits, in fact, that no law now on the English statute book, not even that for drawing the teeth of Jews or transporting a Catholic priest for reading a burial service, will justify the course which he so rashly and madly threatens to adopt."

"On a mere suspicion that these fine vessels may, in the course of their existence, be used by American rebels or some one else in war against the United States, he is about to check the experiments of English science, and perhaps prevent a great benefit to humanity. Mr. Laird's vessels are intended to run to America by the Iceland route. The great difficulty hitherto has been the danger from icebergs, but an iron vessel with a projection in front made to resist an immense force might meet an iceberg bow on with comparative safety. Great expectations had been indulged in on the success of this wonderful style of vessel, but all are to be crushed to earth by the insane and impudent acts of Lord John Russell."

#### Mythical Personages.

THOSE have been historic doubts whether such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte ever existed. The individual Homer has been voted out of vitality, and a club of authors installed in his stead. Nor is this to be wondered at. Historians are so much like novelists, and fact is now so much stranger than fiction, that, like the drunken waggoner, whose horses having been stolen while he was fast asleep in his wagon, tried to reason himself back to consciousness by arguing, "Am I Giles, or am I not Giles? If I am Giles, I have lost my horses; but if I am not Giles, I have found a cart!" How many tears have been shed over "Jesse Brown; or, the Relief of Lucknow." And yet Jessie was a myth, the mere invention of some French *litterateur*, whose imagination, like the co-trabaud London correspondent of the *Strawberry Gazette*, was more powerful than his veracity. The latest "Frankenstein" has been Miles O'Reilly, a valiant and witty soldier of the 48th regiment, now before Charleston. About three weeks ago the *New York Herald* contained some very sarcastic verses upon a certain naval hero, purporting to come from the pen of Miles O'Reilly, of the 48th regiment. The next dispatch had a thrilling account of the persecutions the poetic soldier was suffering for his indecision in criticizing his superior officer. A few days since the Washington correspondent of the daily papers solemnly announced that the President had pardoned him, and had ordered him up to Washington, to verify his public proclamations and other fabulous efforts. The next day the Washington correspondent of the *Herald* gravely says, "that Assistant Fox had resigned, on account of the President's unwise clemency to Miles O'Reilly, which was calculated to loosen naval discipline." The *Home Journal*, of the 16th, takes the infection, and says:

"A witty fellow, named Reilly, private soldier, has been wearing ball and chain at Charleston, for trifling Admiral Dahlgren's slowness, in a smart parody. Another poetical parody, addressed to Washington, has effected his release, by order of Uncle Abe, who couldn't help parroting a joke."

Our readers will perhaps be amused to learn that Miles O'Reilly is a myth, the whole being a spectral emanation from the brain of a certain literary officer, who has sold the public and swindled the President, Admiral Dahlgren, Assistant-Secretary Fox, including our ancient friend Gliebel Welles, saying nothing of deeply wounding the feelings of the entire O'Reilly family, whose *amour propre* must naturally be hurt at having a ball and chain attached to the leg of one of its members.

#### A Modern Utopia.

WHENEVER a man falls sick every visitor becomes an amateur doctor, and drops upon him to give him advice. The apartment is resolute of rhubarb and magnesia, and all his foolscap is used up in impossible prescriptions. The patient then becomes aware that the world resembles more a college of physicians than that worthy collection of "butchers, bakers and candlestick makers," which hitherto have been considered the constituent parts of a great community. The same thing has occurred to the United States. Every correspondent has a separate panacea for our present "serious indisposition." Cato the Censor says: "The too frequent change of our chief magistrate is an evil—a man is no sooner elected President than he is more anxious to engineer for a re-election than to fulfil his duties—like every person in a state of transition, he becomes unsettled; he neglects, mortgages and ruins the present, for a possible future, which he will equally neglect." Cato adds: "I am convinced that the best plan to put an end to the present disastrous system would be to make the Vice-President the legitimate successor to President: this would solidly and steady the Government for eight years—it would give to the Vice-President a position capable of being a check, and an ally, to the President and prevent all intriguing for the immediate succession. It would also train the incoming Vice-President for his duties—a great advantage in such an enormous station."

Socrates, the junior, writes that he considers much of our national misfortune to be owing to the occult position of our ministers, and their irresponsible position. To exorcise these evils, he would make it imperative that every Cabinet Minister should be in either the Senate or the House of Representatives. This would bring them face to face with the people, and drag them out of those corrupt rat holes, their departments, where they can slink away, and defy public opinion for an entire four years, a period quite long enough to ruin a country, even though it be as rich and vigorous as the United States. Had Floyd been in the Senate could he have perpetrated his enormous rascaldom? Could he have stood for a single week the terrible questionings of patriotic members?

Could Mr. Simon Cameron have revelled in his

contracts if he had been compelled to walk down every day to the Halls of Congress? Would not our ancient and drowsy friend Welles have gone out himself in his grandmother's washing tub to catch the Alabama, rather than endure the rebukes and interrogations of indignant members?

But we will leave the balance of the "admirable suggestions" we have in store until the rebellion is put down, and when there will be time and opportunity for counsel.

#### Early Friendship of Russia to the United States.

AT this moment, when the representatives of the naval power of Russia are receiving such a welcome at our hands, it should not be forgotten that as a nation we owe a debt of gratitude to Russia for her conduct during the Revolution. When England was bending all her energies to crush the new Republic of the West she sent her agents to Germany, where her foreign kings had kindred on almost every petty throne, and soon succeeded in hiring part of the armies of the Elector of Hesse and others, men forced into the ranks to go across the ocean and fight the battles of England and shed their life's blood to enrich their grasping rulers. To us these were all known under the name of Hessians, and that name has been such an epithet of contempt, that in our present difficulties it has been one of those most freely lavished on us by the Southern demagogues.

All know the Hessian chapter in American history, but few are perhaps aware that England at the same time sent an envoy to Russia, to solicit a body of Russian troops, the British authorities not unwillingly deeming such good soldiers as those of the Czar, inured to severe winters, hardship and warfare, the very material for an army to move from Canada on New England and New York. The Czar met the first application with general words that meant refusal, but which the English envoy, who was overwhelming the Russian Ministry with petitions and arguments, took as a favorable assurance. He wrote home that the troops would be given, and the English papers, with their Tory copies here, announced with great glee the speedy arrival of a force of 100,000 Russians in Canada, by whose aid we were to be reduced to the most abject submission, and the Congress and its power demolished. Any of our readers who may have ever seen such a paragraph from a paper of those days has probably put it down as a pure hoax, but it was real so far as the English intention, the English attempt and the English belief in its success were concerned. When, however, the envoy at St. Petersburg came to the subject again and pressed for a definite answer as to when the troops could be furnished, he was told plainly that Russia would give none of her soldiers to put down the American colonies.

That Russia then refused to aid in crushing us was a negative service indeed, but it was none the less essential to our success.

After the establishment of our Constitutional Government Russia became associated in a curious way in one branch of our scientific progress, and it is no less true than strange that an Empress of Russia first stimulated in this country a study of the Aboriginal languages, and by sending blank forms to Gen. Washington led him to induce officers and scientific men to attempt to procure reliable and uniform vocabularies of the various languages. The impulse thus given led to the study of American Linguistics by Dr. Smith Barton, and later by Gallatin and the many who are now engaged in its development.

To some there seem few points of resemblance between the United States and Russia, but in reality the Czars have steadily advanced on the course of breaking up the régime of the nobles and elevating the peasants, who, by their mode of thought and action are more fitted for a Republican or Constitutional Government than any other people in Europe. The Russian tends to a Republican Government; with him the *mir* or community form of government is essential. They form themselves spontaneously into associations called *mir*, and elect a President or Starosk.

Mechanics seek the same organization and make common stock. The Russian thus show a capacity for self-government. He does well what no one but himself and the American does well; he holds town meetings, appoints town rulers, and shows great wisdom in doing it. When once the Government can make the *mir* the means of introducing popular education the Russians will rise with tenfold rapidity in every department.

Such are the past friendly relations of Russia and America, and the hopes of Russia's future. The greeting of her naval officers is not then a mere spasmodic outburst, but a token of friendship as old as our Government.

#### Another Epidemic.

OF all nations the American is certainly the most amiable. Indeed, were it not for our wealth and power, we might almost be considered to verge upon the silly. Like the veriest parrot, we are thankful for the smallest favors. This weakness often places us in a most undignified position. Over all things we are fond of running after novelties. No child is more pleased with a rattle or more tickled with a straw, than is our grand community with scampish scribblers, two-sworded nondescripts, padding-headed princes or outlandish warriors. The most amazing part of the farce is that these grand exhibitions of self-abasement are always repaid with ingratitude and insult by the overblown recipients. We received Dickens in a manner which so astounded his cockney nerves that he has not yet recovered his normal state of mind, and which he acknowledged by a vituperative Book of Travels. We pet the Hari-Kari No-Kami so that they laugh in their sleeves here and murder our citizens in Japan. We sprawl our full length before a royal hobby-horse, and the nation whose future monarch is thus semi-defined.

Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike, treacherously fits out pirate steamers to rob our citizens and burn our ships. We had hoped that these instances, at once so glaring and so recent, would have taught us wisdom, but they are all wasted upon us. The headache past, we are again ready for another debauch.

The devil was sick, and a monk would be. The devil got well, but no monk was. And so with our citizens. Half-a-dozen ships-of-war arrive here belonging to the greatest despotism in Europe, whose monarch crushed Hungarian liberty in 1848, and who is now engaged in trampling out the last remains of Polish nationality—for his liberty was crushed half a century ago—and lo! we repeat the follies of the past and pay homage to the Knout. When will our citizens comprehend that, with nations so vain as the French, and so barbarous and arrogant as the English and the Russians, our civilities are not only wasted, but actually considered as obsequious acknowledgments of their superiority over ourselves? If we could put a little surly dignity into our character, the American would be the model freeman of the world!

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The trunks of two trees have been sent from the battlefield at Gettysburg for the Massachusett and Pennsylvania Historical Societies. They will attest the fierceness of the conflict there, one of them having 250 bullet holes in the space of 21 feet, and the other having 110 in the same space. Sad reminders they will be of the heroic dead.

— A German agriculturist says that before he plants his potatoe he washes them in chlorinated water, and dries them in the sun. He says this has saved them from potatoe disease for several years.

— Mix one part of crystallized perchloride of iron gradually and with care, so as not to soil, with six parts of colloidion, and a good hemisulphite for wounds, leeches, &c., is produced. The composition should be of a yellowish red. It is perfectly liquid, and produces a yellow and very elastic pellicle.

— Deputy-Provost-Marshal-General Nugent, in pursuance of instruction from Washington, has issued orders to the Boards of Enrollment of the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Districts to prepare at once for a re-enrollment. These are the districts to the enrollment and quotas of which Gov. Seymour made objections. Only 50 per cent. of the quotas claimed was drawn, the balance to await a re-enrollment.

— It is estimated by reliable authority that before the next Congress assembles 150 to 200 national banks will have been organised in the Northern States.

— Gens. R. C. Schenck, IIId, and John A. Garfield, XIXth Districts of Ohio; Ebenezer Dumont, Vth District of Indiana; Gen. Clay Smith, VIIth District of Kentucky; Gen. F. Loan, VIIth, and Frank B. Blair, 1st District of Missouri, and Col. William R. Morrison, XIIth District of Illinois, will leave the army on Dec. 1, to take their place in the U. S. House of Representatives.

— In the Surrogate Court, last week, the skull and backbone of the late E. P. Christy, the famous negro meadowlark, were exhibited, to prove that the injuries received by the spinal chord were sufficient to disturb the mental capacity. It appears that his will was made, and his marriage solemnised, after his attempt to commit suicide by throwing himself out of the window.

— The termination of the Morris and Essex railroad has been shifted from Jersey City to Hoboken, much to the disgust of the *élégants* of that great city, who, accustomed to have all the ferry boats to themselves, and a few fair friends, are utterly disgusted at being obliged to come over with so many common people. The change took place on the 14th October. The unusual vivacity occasioned by such a rush of raw Jersey and Pennsylvania barbarians is very distressing to the *élégantes* of that city.

— The great billiard match for the championship was decided on the 15th Oct. The play was between Mr. Dudley Kavanagh, of New York, and Mr. John Seerter, of Detroit. Kavanagh was the victor. The game was a cannon one, and occupied four hours. It was for 1,500 points, and 1,000 dollars. Kavanagh's highest run was 151; Seerter's, 67. Kavanagh's average run was 17; Seerter's, 7. At the end of the fourth hour Kavanagh had made 1,501—and his opponent only 615.

— A large number of our foreign guests visited the public charities on Randall's Island, on Oct. 13th, and afterwards went to Blackwell's Island. It was in consequence of an invitation from the ten Governors, and the ceremonies were under the direction of Mr. Draper. Admiral Milne, Admiral Reynaud and many of the French and English officers attached to the fleet here, besides foreign Consuls, were present, and an elegant repast was given to them, and presents were proposed, which were acknowledged by Admiral Milne, on behalf of himself and the French fleet. They all went away charmed by the dignified courtesy and genial aristocracy of our friend Sir Draper.

— It would seem from the jubilation the press makes over the consent of Mr. J. J. Astor to rectify a mistake made in the valuation of his property, that honesty among the rich is rather a start to the equivocal nerves of the daily *centaillers*! Our readers will smile to learn that the papers have published the "very" wonderful and important letter to the Tax Commissioners written by John Jacob on the occasion referred to.

— Coal is selling at \$11 a ton in Boston, with prospects of a rise.

— The Legislature of Vermont on the 13th Oct. elected the following named gentlemen: Justice of the Supreme Court, Luke P. Poland; Asa O. Aldis, John Pierpont, James Barrett, Royal C. Kelly, and Asahel Pock; Reporter of the Supreme Court Decisions, William G. Shaw, of Burlington; Secretary of State, George W. Bailey, Jr., of Montpelier. These gentlemen are all at present incumbents.

— The United States District Court of New Jersey, Judge R. S. Field, has decided that the Government licence fee of 1,000 dollars, which the internal revenue laws demand of lottery ticket dealers, cannot be collected in States where the carrying on of that business is prohibited by statute.

— The Provost-Marshal in the various districts of Massachusetts have received instructions from Washington to use all their efforts to forward enlistments for two months, and if at the end of that time the quota of the State is unfilled to proceed at once with another draft.

— The Baltimore papers notice the early appearance of wild ducks. They say that black brace and red heads have made their appearance in the head waters of the Chesapeake bay. The Philadelphia journals say that the copperheads, or lame ducks, that were recently so plenty around the head waters of Delaware bay, have vanished.

— Some of the new fractional currency has got into circulation. Already some of the notes have been split through, making the note unseizable. The front and backs of the notes are on separate pieces of paper. They are reported to be perfectly disgraceful in both material and workmanship.

— At the recent match between the English Eleven and the American Sixteen, the former gained so much upon their opponents' that trickery was resorted to by the latter. The New York Times says: "The complimentary match in honor of Capt. the celebrated bowler and cricketer, came to a conclusion rather prematurely, by the action of an American belonging to the New York Club, who, after advising the Americans to avail themselves of all the time they could to delay the game until sunset, called time before it was time, and caused the stumps to be drawn and the men to commence laying the field; the result being that the stumps had to be pitched again and the game resumed, but not in time for the last man to be sent to the wicket, when time was called by the Umpire and a draw was declared. The result is a practical victory for the English, notwithstanding the action of a young American pupil of the New York Club." The young American pupil ought to be carefully looked after.

— On Thursday, Oct. 15, the Russians, Admiral and his principal officers were shown our Bellevue Hospital, Blackwell's Island and Randall's Island. A small boy named Thomas made a speech; and afterwards a cold collation was served up. We cannot omit noticing the admirable manner in which Mr. Storer Draper presided. His speeches were models of dignity; there was, of course, no bungling in them, and no praise of a power which operates and crushes the Poles, and flogs women and shoots priests.

— The semi-annual meeting of railroad managers etc., for the purpose of arranging a new series of time-tables for the approaching winter season commenced at the St. Nicholas Hotel, on the 16th Oct. Mr. G. Twitchell, of Boston and Worcester, was called to the chair; and Messrs. G. Merrill, of the Vermont Central, and R. S. Flint, of the Cleveland,

Columbus and Cincinnati railroad, were appointed secretaries. Twenty roads were represented. A committee, of which Mr. Davidson was chairman, was appointed to lay before the convention the changes in the time-table deemed necessary by the change of ice season.

— **Western.**—The price of passage in the steamers from San Francisco to New York is now \$265, \$155 and \$125.

— \$650,000 in New York bills, drawn towards the Amherst Purchase, are in the market in San Francisco.

— The town of Weaverville, in California, has been destroyed for the third time. The damage is over half a million of dollars.

— Three of the crew of the rebel privateer Chapman, captured last winter, have been found guilty after a trial which lasted ten days. The extra penalty is ten years' imprisonment and a fine of \$10,000.

— During the passage of the steamer B. H. Memphis from Memphis to Cairo last week, two round charges of case shot were found in a cask. It is supposed they were placed there by individuals to blow up the boat.

— It is estimated that the mineral wealth of Nevada Territory will be sufficient to pay a nation's debt of \$20,000,000,000, to give every returning soldier a musket of silver, and to furnish all our iron-clads with a plating of silver thicker than their present covering of iron. At that rate bankruptcy does not seem to be far off.

— The returns of the General Land Office show the immense increase in emigration to Colorado, Washington and Oregon.

— Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, has concluded a treaty with the Indians of the Red River of the North, whereby transit to trains on the river, or on either side of it, is secured. Along this route trains of hundreds of wagons, drawn by Indian ponies or dogs, pass and repass from the fur regions in British America to St. Paul's, Minnesota.

— A terrible tragedy was enacted at Bantam, Clermont county, Ohio, on the 17th. Mr. Jonas Schwashammer, a prominent Vallandighamite, engaged in a dispute with a fierce Republican, and fired at him, but the sister of Schwashammer received the ball in her heart.

— Gov. Gamble, of Missouri, has issued an important proclamation, warning all loyal citizens against the machinations of evil-disposed persons. He severely condemns the Radicals, to whom he attributes the worst designs. It is a most lamentable evidence of the warfare between the two sections of the Union party.

— **Southern.**—Memminger the rebel Secretary of Treasury, is now quite at a discount in his own land. They seem to hold him responsible for the depreciation in the currency, and contrast him with Chase, the Richmond *Whig* says: "He has done all his knowledge enabled him to do. A second-rate lawyer in Charleston, famous for small bills and fanned petty dictators, his elevation to the head of the Treasury was a stroke of fortune which must have astonished the good man very much. He has done his best, but he has been overtaken."

— The rebels seem to be pretty well posted up as to our intentions and preparations at Charleston. The Charleston correspondent of the Richmond *Advertiser* gives a very exact description of our works on Morris Island.

— The French residents in New Orleans having prepared for a French fleet to protect them in case of danger, Louis Napoleon has ordered five or six vessels of war to be stationed there till the war is over.

— Jeff Davis is paying a visit to Charleston, from whence he will proceed to Mobile. He looks well—so the rebels say—and remarkably happy.

— **Military.**—Colonel Baker and his mounted force have been ordered to duty at Washington, under Gen. Augur, who is now commanding that department, Gen. Heintzelman being seriously ill.

— The cavalry encampment at Glensborough having been brought to a completion, Mr. Snow has been relieved of its superintendence. Cavalry camps are to be formed at St. Louis and Louisville.

— A married woman, named Clayton, has been passed to her home in Minnesota, having enlisted two years since in the same Minnesota regiment as her husband, and been consigned a good soldier for a year before she was found out. At the battle of Stone river her husband was killed five paces in front of her, and she herself was wounded in a desperate bayonet charge immediately afterwards. Another female, 12 years old, who had enlisted from Bucks county, Pa., and served two years as a drummer, and was present at five battles, has also been detected, and will be sent home. She is now ill of typhoid fever, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

— Lieut. Withers, one of Mosely's guerrillas, who was captured on the 23d Sept., having applied for the return of the money he had about him when taken by the National forces, was told it was confiscated for the good of the Government; on the ground that as guerrillas received no pay from the Davis Government, but live upon plunder, they cannot be considered as regular prisoners of war.

— **Naval.**—Com. Cadwallader has been detached from the Sabine, and is awaiting orders for a new department.

— Capt. Paulding has been ordered to report at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

— Should the account of the capture of the American ship Sea Bride, as given in the Cape Town *Gazette*, be correct, our venerable Secretary of State, "the first living Epictiarian," as Mr. Lincoln calls him, should immediately demand the punishment of the British authorities there, since they evidently looked upon an outrage which was committed within the international legal league.

— Admiral Porter has issued a very stringent order, with the view of protecting the Government vessels and other property on the Mississippi from fire by rebel incendiaries. Strict guards are to be kept, and all sentinels and watchmen are to be armed with muskets and revolvers.

— From what can be ascertained of the real state of affairs at Charleston, the rebels have effectively closed the channels to the city to our fleet, reserving a passage, however, to their own craft, after the manner of a canal, with a safety lock, agst the enemy. The obstructions may be of such a nature as not to be removed by any appliances of our own, or of too formidable a nature to justify a hazardous attempt by our ironclads to penetrate further into the harbor or within range of the rebel guns. Under these circumstances the best engineering and strategical skill becomes necessary on the part of the respective commanders of the land and water forces to make a thoroughly safe and successful demonstration upon Charles-ton. Such a result is not considered doubtful, but time is necessarily required for the consummation of their plans.

— The Boston *Evening Transcript*, in its Washington letter, speaks thus irreverently of its digitorians: "Secretary Chase is a gone to Ohio, to speak and vote, and the Secretary of War vulgar and coarse, a living gronky, in the War Office. The Secretary of State, as usual, is trying to be 'all things to all men,' and the Secretary of the Navy continues to be nothing to anybody. The Secretary of the Interior remains incommunicado, and the Postmaster-General is trying to galvaize himself into a candidate for the next presidency."

— Com. Charles Fowler of the rebel navy has lately, on parole, been visiting his relatives in New Haven. He is one of four brothers, three of whom embraced the Union cause and entered the army, while he, having lived South 14 years, joined the rebels. His brother Richard died of a wound received at Fredericksburg; another brother, Douglas,

was shot dead at Gettysburg; and the third, Henry, who was Col. of the 63d N. Y. V., received four wounds at Antietam, losing his arm, and since has been given Government employment in Washington.

— Thurlow Weed and Mayor Oddydy have recently had a literary duel. Thurlow attacks Mr. Oddydy and his son—the former he calls Old Shoddy and the young one he calls skinner, because being drafted he does not go to be killed, but sends a substitute. Mayor Oddydy, in replying to this attack, hails Thurlow very roughly, even worse than Horace Greeley did some years ago. In reading all this waste of vituperation the guileless line break out into "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," etc.

— Mr. Horace Greeley and Oakey Hall are likewise at loggerheads, as also are the editors of the *Herald*, *Times* and *Tribune*. The irritability of spelling seems to be too much for our authors.

— Hon. Salmon P. Chase paid a visit to Cincinnati on the 12th Oct. He was, of course, enthusiastically received. He made a great speech, in which he attributed the prosperity of Cincinnati to free labor, and the war to the slave oligarchy.

— Dr. Orville Brownson and Pyle's Raymond, of the N. Y. *Times*, are engaged in inimical hostilities as to something that appeared in the latter paper dirraging to the Catholics. To vindicate the master Mr. Raymond says: "Until Dr. Brownson's friends can bring some better evidence of the assurances that they have done, and until the Catholic papers generally earn, by the ordinary virtues of veracity and decency, a better title to respect than they now enjoy, we submit to Dr. Brownson that he should do something more than 'hope' that our denial of his statement concerning the *Times* is true."

— We are glad to find from Gen. McClellan's letter to Mr. Biddle on the Pennsylvania election, that he does not read the newspapers, since he keeps a person to call his attention to anything said about him.

— Gen. Sprague, Adjutant-General of the State, paid a visit to Camp Sprague on the 14th Oct. The old soldier looked well, and was warmly received.

— A Boston paper says, with great simplicity, that Mr. Charles Sumner will write an article in the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, "all about Fratricide." It is expected to strike terror into the Tuilleries, and overthrow French complacency generally. Sumner has not improved his "fame" by his recent lecture on our foreign policy.

— John Minor Botts, the loyal Virginian, has again been arrested by the rebels, and sent to Richmond, where he will be held as a hostage for the safe return of some of the rebel inhabitants of Culpeper county, now in our custody.

— **Obituary.**—In London, Eng., on the 26th Sept., died Frederick William Faber. He was born in 1814, and was educated at Harrow and Oxford. His works are chiefly theological. His first poem is *The Cherwell Waterfall*. In 1842 he became converted to the Romish church. He died Superior of the Oratory of Brompton. He was a man of singular learning, piety and tenderness.

— At Bruges, Sept. 25, died in the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, another Catholic clergyman of remarkable piety and usefulness, the celebrated Abbot Canon Carton—he was in his 62d year. He was a Canon of Bruges, and also of the Metropolitan Chapter of Paris, a member of the Royal Academy of Brussels, and several other learned societies.

— The Boston papers announced the death of Prof. Bigelow, in his 38th year. He was son of the Hon. John P. Bigelow, for many years Secretary of the Commonwealth, and afterwards Mayor of Boston. Preston Bigelow was born in Boston on the 6th Feb. 1825, and received a careful schooling, preparatory to prosecuting his studies in Harvard College; but being disinclined to a professional life, he relinquished the idea of his mother, Louisa Anne, which required his personal attention to her during her last moments of life in a foreign land, induced him for a time to give up this plan, and on his return home he began business with his father as a notary; to which business he succeeded in full on the election of his father to the office of Mayor of the city, and continued in the same until his late illness. It is seldom that we are called to part with one who has so thoroughly gained our hearts by the gentleness and excellency of disposition which he possessed in such an eminent degree.

— **Accidents and Offences.**—The Africa, Canard Stern, struck on a reef, off Capo Race, on the night of Monday, the 12th Oct., in a dense fog, and was so seriously injured that she has put into St. John's, Newfoundland, and received a careful refit. The parties met in the hall of the hotel; Dixon struck at McGill with a cane, the other drew a pistol, when Dixon at once drew a revolver and fired, wounding a bystander. He was arrested.

— Dr. D. M. Wright, of Norfolk, has been found guilty of the murder of Lieut. Sanborn, while marching at the head of his colored company last summer. He is ordered for execution.

— The abduction of negroes from the eastern coast of Virginia, to enslave in the colored regiments, has been summarily forbidden by the President. This was being carried on to so great an extent that the Union Planters were becoming ready to turn rebels.

— It is a common plan now for two rascals to call upon liquor saloonkeepers, and by pretending they know something about there, extort money. Two men, named Johnson and Jones, terrified a Dutchman in Carmine street out of \$25.

— The keeper of a larger beer saloon in Greenwich street shot a man, named John Bennett, on the night of the 14th Oct., in consequence of some dispute about paying for drinks.

— The store of Halsted & Co., of Broadway, was robbed on the 14th Oct., by their porter passing goods through a broken window. The amount was \$1,000.

— **Foreign.**—The Czar of Russia, whose officers are now receiving so much hospital fare here, has ordered the torture to be resorted to in Warsaw, in order to enforce confession.

— Eleven ugly men and eleven handsome men recently played a cricket match in England. The handsomer men were victorious.

— A Ghost Club has been established in London. They hold their meetings in a haunted house. They intend to publish their discoveries.

— The marchioness of Arundel has again been captured by the English limbers. A Pasha, who has the finest stud of Arab horses in Egypt, maintained that no English horse could run against an Arab horse for four miles. The well-known racer Compton was selected for his competitor, and beat him by more than half a mile.

— The Sultan has agreed to be present at the great horse race to be held at Constantinople.

— There is a queer story going about Paris, very much to the scandal of the Empress Eugenie and her court. A man of some influence having said he should like to see the Pope's best cut off, his wife was offended with him, and said he must be a scoundrel. The Pope's best was cut off the next day. They are safe from the insulting inquiry, "Who's your father?"

— The Governor-General of Canada has pronounced the Parliament, which had recently assembled in Quebec,

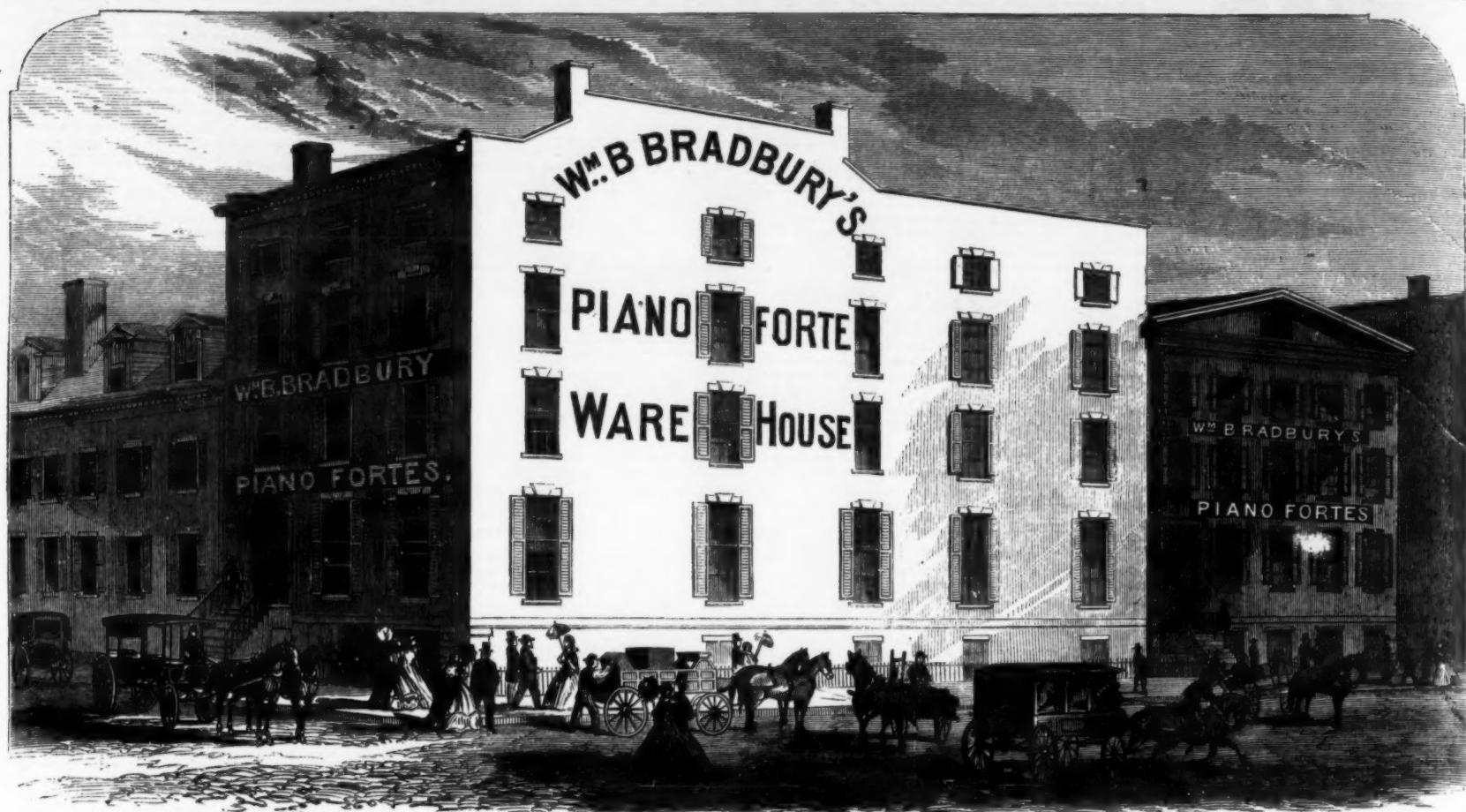
— The London *News* says: "Rev. H. W. Beecher, who has returned from his tour of the Continent, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Raymond, spent Saturday evening in the Tabernacle House, Finsbury, to which Dr. Campbell had invited a number of the leading ministers of the metropolis to meet him. The conversation mainly turned on the civil war now raging, on which Mr. Beecher expressed himself with great frankness and confidence. Rev. John Keay and Rev. John Keay had pointed reference to some expression ascribed to Mr. Beecher about the time of the Trial discussion, when he was reported as having said, 'They would bide their time till they had settled their differences with the South, and then' The report reached England stopped there, but so the speaker, who finished the sentence nearly as follows: 'Then we will show England how we forgive an injury, and heap coals of fire on the heads of those from whom it comes.'

— Louis Napoleon and the French nation will, no doubt, be deeply agitated when they learn that "the Republic of Chile views his attempts to force a monarchy upon Mexico with profound indignation." This is cool, even for Chile.

— The Italian journals state that a Jewess, only nine years of age, named Graziosa Caviglia, was baptised lately at Rome, against the will of her parents, and, indeed, against her own, if a child such tender age can be said to have any will in such matters. As a last resource, the mother presented a petition for the recovery of her child to Cardinal Cagliano, Prefect of the Conservatory of Catechism, but in vain, for a few days later the *Giornale di Roma* announced her conversion and baptism.

— The Duke de Cadourze Grasmont, one of the greatest seamps in Paris, is about to be married to the divorced wife of the Duke de Persigny. The lady has a large fortune in her own right.

— At a recent performance at the theatre at



EXTERIOR VIEW OF WILLIAM B. BRADBURY'S PIANOFORTE WAREROOMS AND MANUFACTORY, CORNER OF BROOME AND CROSBY STREETS, N. Y., AS SEEN FROM BROADWAY.

#### WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

THERE is probably no name more widely known throughout the United States than that of WM. B. BRADBURY, the subject of our present sketch. For 20 years his name has been before the public, first as a leading class teacher, then as a composer, and now both as a composer and piano manufacturer.

Over a million copies of his music-books have been printed and sold, so that we may safely infer that his name is known in two-thirds of the households in the Union.

Wm. B. Bradbury was born in the town of York, county of York, in the State of Maine, in the year 1816. His grandfather was an old Revolutionary soldier, universally respected and esteemed. Both his parents were noted in the town for their musical taste and excellent singing, his father being the leader of a Congregational Church and teacher of a singing school choir. From them probably he inherited that passion for music, the development of which has rendered his name so popular and his life so prosperous. His early education was received at the village school, and he studied when not engaged on the farm or at his father's mechanical business, at which he soon became a skilful workman.



PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURED BY WM. B. BRADBURY, TO WHICH THE GOLD MEDAL WAS AWARDED AT THE FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1863.

In his native place he had little opportunity of hearing or studying music, but he mastered after a fashion every instrument that came in his way; and his facility in this respect, combined with other traits clearly evinced the true bent of his mind.

In 1830 his family went to Boston and he accompanied them. Till then he had never seen a piano or an organ. Of the latter, the first one he saw was in the church of the Rev. Dr. Sharp—long since dead and gone—in Charles street, Boston. It was to him a revelation; the extent and the variety of its powers astonished him, and from that moment he determined to become a musician.

The mechanical business at which he was employed embraced some of the delicate mechanism of the pianoforte, and this led him to the study of the entire instrument, the construction of which he became master of in a few months, a knowledge of which proved of vast importance to him in after life. While in pursuit of musical knowledge he became acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Lowell Mason and his coadjutor George J. Webb, who stood at the very head of the musical celebrities of New England. He immediately joined their classes and observed closely their method of vocal class teaching, thus gaining the practical knowledge which was destined to be the foundation of his fortune—one other instance of the

(Continued on page 87.)



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE WAREROOMS IN WM. B. BRADBURY'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY, CORNER OF BROOME AND CROSBY STREETS, N. Y.

## THE STONELESS GRAVE.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

I stood beside a nameless grave,  
Amid a churchyard's gloom,  
And mused what poor world-worn slave  
Was resting in that tomb.  
Perchance his feet had often trod,  
With thoughtless step, that very sod,  
At morning's opening bloom,  
And little deeming he one day  
Would 'neath that quiet spot decay.

Perchance some bard beneath thee sleeps!  
Are thus his dreams repaid?  
No tributary marble keeps  
Guard where his dust is laid!  
His thoughts which breathed, and words  
which burned,  
His mind which time and limit spurned,  
Rest they beneath this shade?  
Vain thought! the poet's glowing mind  
He gives a dower to humankind.

Some hunted patriot here may rest,  
Safe from the tyrant's blow;  
For he is now a monarch's guest  
Who guards from every foe.  
No wanderer ever came, O Death!  
Thy gentle wing to rest beneath,  
Who felt another woe.  
Thy greeting bids at once depart  
Sorrow and suffering from the heart.

Some banished exile here may find  
At last a quiet home;  
His hungry heart, his yearning mind  
Destined no more to roam.  
No brooding care to gloom his day,  
No night in which his soul might stray  
Far o'er the ocean's foam,  
When rapt in some delicious dream  
He stands beside his village stream.

A sadder man than all may rest  
In this his welcome bed;  
A man who felt for every breast—  
One who in silence bled.  
Who could not heal the grief he saw—  
To whom sweet love alone was law,  
Not what the cold world said;  
Until he only saw the rod,  
And not the gracious face of God.



A Christian here may wait awhile  
The coming of his Lord;  
His dying bed lit with His Smile,  
And solaced by His Word.  
He needs no stone to mark the tomb;  
Around there breathes the flowers' perfume  
His virtues to record—  
For gentle Nature ever keeps  
Vigil where pious merit sleeps.

A PAIR OF EYES;  
OR,  
Modern Magic.

We were married quietly, went away till the nine days gossip was over, spent our honeymoon as that absurd month is usually spent, and came back to town with the first autumnal frosts; Agatha regretting that I was no longer entirely her own, I secretly thanking heaven that I might drop the lover, and begin my work again, for I was as an imprisoned creature in that atmosphere of "love in idleness," though my bonds were only a pair of loving arms. Madame Snow and son departed, we settled ourselves in the fine house, and then endowed with every worldly blessing, I looked about me, believing myself master of my fate, but found I was its slave.

If Agatha could have joined me in my work we might have been happy; if she could have solaced herself with other pleasures and left me to my own, we might have been content; if she had loved me less, we might have gone our separate ways, and yet been friends like many another pair; but I soon found that her affection was of that exacting nature which promises but little peace unless met by one as warm. I had nothing but regard to give her, for it was not in her power to stir a deeper passion in me; I told her this



WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, THE COMPOSER, AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN CHAIN," AND OTHER MUSICAL WORKS.

before our marriage, told her I was a cold, hard man, wrapt in a single purpose; but what woman believes such confessions while her heart still beats fast with the memory of her betrothal? She said everything was possible to love, and prophesied a speedy change; I knew it would not come, but having given my warning left the rest to time. I hoped to lead a quiet life and prove that adverse circumstances, not the want of power, had kept me from excelling in the profession I had chosen; but to my infinite discomfort Agatha turned jealous of my art, for finding the mistress dearer than the wife, she tried to wean me from it, and seemed to feel that having given me love, wealth and ease, I should ask no more, but play the obedient subject to a generous queen. I rebelled against this, told her that one-half my time should be hers, the other belonged to me, and I would so employ it that it should bring honor to the name I had given her. But, Agatha was not used to seeing her will thwarted or her pleasure sacrificed to another, and soon felt that though I scrupulously fulfilled my promise, the one task was irksome, the other all absorbing; that though she had her husband at her side his heart was in his studio, and the hours spent with her were often the most listless in his day. Then began that sorrowful experience old as Adam's reproaches to Eve; we both did wrong,

and neither repented; both were self-willed, sharp tongued and proud, and before six months of wedded life had passed we had known many of those scenes which so belittle character and lessen self-respect.

Agatha's love lived through all, and had I answered its appeals by patience, self-denial and genial friendship, if no warmer tie could exist, I might have spared her an early death, and myself from years of bitterest remorse; but I did not. Then her forbearance ended and my subtle punishment began.

"Away again to-night, Max? You have been

shut up all day, and I hoped to have you to myself

this evening. Hear how the storm rages without,

see how cheery I have made all within for you, go

put your hat away and stay, for this hour belongs to me, and I claim it."

Agatha took me prisoner as she spoke, and pointed to the cosy nest she had prepared for me. The room was bright and still; the lamp shone clear; the fire glowed; warm-hued curtains muffled the roar of gust and sleet without; books, music, a wide-armed seat and a woman's wistful face invited me; but none of these things could satisfy me just then, and though I drew my wife nearer, smoothed her shining hair, and kissed the reproachful lips, I did not yield.



"You have conquered, I am here!"

"You must let me go, Agatha, for the great German artist is here, and I had rather give a year of life than miss this meeting with him. I have devoted many evenings to you, and though this hour is yours I shall venture to take it, and offer you a morning call instead. Here are novels, new songs, an instrument, embroidery and a dog, who never can offend by moody silence or unpalatable conversation—what more can a contented woman ask, surely not an absent-minded husband?"

"Yes, just that and nothing more, for she loves him, and he can supply a want that none of these things can. See how pretty I have tried to make myself for you alone; stay, Max, and make me happy."

"Dear, I shall find my pretty wife to-morrow, but the great painter will be gone; let me go, Agatha, and make me happy."

She drew herself from my arm, saying with a flash of the eye—"Max, you are a tyrant!"

"Am I? then you made me so with too much devotion."

"Ah, if you loved me as I loved there would be no selfishness on your part, no reproaches on mine. What shall I do to make myself dearer, Max?"

"Give me more liberty."

"Then I should lose you entirely, and lead the life of a widow. Oh, Max, this is hard, this is bitter, to give all and receive nothing in return."

She spoke passionately, and the truth of her reproach stung me, for I answered with that coldness that always wounded her:

"Do you count an honest name, sincere regard and much gratitude as nothing? I have given you these, and ask only peace and freedom in return. I desire to do justice to you and to myself, but I am not like you, never can be, and you must not hope it. You say love is all-powerful, prove it upon me, I am willing to be the fondest of husbands if I can; teach me, win me in spite of myself, and make me what you will; but leave me a little time to live and labor for that which is dearer to me than your faulty lord and master can ever be to you."

"Shall I do this?" and her face kindled as she put the question.

"Yes, here is an amusement for you, use what arts you will, make your love irresistible, soften my hard nature, convert me into your shadow, subdue me till I come at your call like a pet dog, and when you make your presence more powerful than painting I will own that you have won your will and made your theory good."

I was smiling as I spoke, for the twelve labors of Hercules seemed less impossible than this, but



The Domestic Feud culminates.

Agatha watched me with her glittering eyes; and answered slowly—

"I will do it. Now go, and enjoy your liberty while you may, but remember when I have conquered that you dared me to it, and keep your part of the compact. Promise this." She offered me her hand with a strange expression—I took it, said good-night, and hurried away, still smiling at the curious challenge given and accepted.

Agatha told me to enjoy my liberty, and I tried to do so that very night, but failed most signally, for I had not been an hour in the brilliant company gathered to meet the celebrated guest before I found it impossible to banish the thought of my solitary wife. I had left her often, yet never felt disturbed by more than a passing twinge of that uncomfortable bosom friend called conscience; but now the interest of the hour seemed lessened by regret, for through varying conversation held with those about me, mingling with the fine music that I heard, looking at me from every woman's face, and thrusting itself into my mind at every turn, came a vague, disturbing self-reproach, which slowly deepened to a strong anxiety. My attention wandered, words seemed to desert me, fancy to be frostbound, and even in the presence of the great man I had so ardently desired to see I could neither enjoy his society nor play my own part well. More than once I found myself listening for Agatha's voice; more than once I looked behind me expecting to see her figure, and more than once I resolved to go, with no desire to meet her.

"It is an acute fit of what women call nervousness; I will not yield to it," I thought, and plunged into the gayest group I saw, supped, talked, sang a song, and broke down; told a witty story, and spoiled it; laughed and tried to bear myself like the lightest-hearted guest in the rooms; but it would not do, for stronger and stronger grew the strange longing to go home, and soon it became uncontrollable. A foreboding

fear that something had happened oppressed me, and suddenly leaving the festival at its height drove home as if life and death depended on the saving of a second. Like one pursuing or pursued I rode, eager only to be there; yet when I stood on my own threshold I asked myself wonderingly, "Why such haste?" and stole in ashamed at my early return. The storm beat without, but within all was serene and still, and with noiseless steps I went up to the room where I had left my wife, pausing a moment at the half open door to collect myself, lest she should see the disorder of both mind and mien. Looking in I saw her sitting with neither book nor work beside her, and after a momentary glance began to think my anxiety had not been causeless, for she sat erect and motionless as an inanimate figure of intense thought; her eyes were fixed, face colorless, with an expression of iron determination, as if every energy of mind and body were wrought up to the achievement of a single purpose. There was something in the rigid attitude and stern aspect of this familiar shape that filled me with dismay, an found vent in the abrupt exclamation,

"Agatha, what is it?"

She sprang up like a steel spring when the pressure is removed, saw me, and struck her hands together with a wild gesture of surprise, alarm or pleasure, which I could not tell, for in the act she dropped into her seat white and breathless as if smitten with sudden death. Unspeakably shocked, I bestirred myself till she recovered, and though pale and spent, as if with some past exertion, soon seemed quite herself again.

"Agatha, what were you thinking of when I came in?" I asked, as she sat leaning against me with half closed eyes and a faint smile on her lips, as if the unwonted caresses I bestowed upon her were more soothing than any cordial I could give. Without stirring she replied,

"Of you, Max. I was longing for you, with heart and soul and will. You told me to win you in spite of yourself, and I was sending my love to find and bring you home. Did it reach you? did it lead you back and make you glad to come?"

A peculiar chill ran through me as I listened, though her voice was quieter, her manner gentler than usual as she spoke. She seemed to have such faith in her tender fancy, such assurance of its efficacy, and such a near approach to certain knowledge of its success, that I disliked the thought of continuing the topic, and answered cheerfully,

"My own conscience brought me home, dear; for, discovering that I had left my peace of mind behind me, I came back to find it. If your task is to cost a scene like this it will do more harm than good to both of us, so keep your love from such uncanny wanderings through time and space, and win me with less dangerous arts."

She smiled her strange smile, folded my hand in her own, and answered, with soft exultation in her voice,

"It will not happen so again, Max; but I am glad, most glad you came, for it proves I have some power over this wayward heart of yours, where I shall knock until it opens wide and takes me in."

The events of that night made a deep impression on me, for from that night my life was changed. Agatha left me entirely free, never asked my presence, never upbraided me for long absences or silence when together. She seemed to find happiness in her belief that she should yet subdue me, and though I smiled at this in my indifference, there was something half pleasant, half pathetic in the thought of this proud woman leaving all warmer affections for my negligent friendship, the sight of this young wife laboring to win her husband's heart. At first I tried to be all she asked, but soon relapsed into my former life, and finding no reproaches followed, believed I should enjoy it as never before—but I did not. As weeks passed I slowly became conscious that some new power had taken possession of me, swaying my whole nature to its will; a power alien yet sovereign. Fitfully it worked, coming upon me when least desired, enforcing its commands regardless of time, place or mood; mysterious yet irresistible in its strength, this mental tyrant led me at all hours, in all stages of anxiety, repugnance and rebellion, from all pleasures or employments, straight to Agatha. If I sat at my easel the sudden summons came, and wondering at myself I obeyed it, to find her busied in some cheerful occupation, with apparently no thought or wish for me. If I left home I often paused abruptly in my walk or drive, turned and hurried back, simply because I could not resist the impulse that controlled me. If she went away I seldom failed to follow, and found no peace till I was at her side again. I grew moody and restless, slept ill, dreamed wild dreams, and often woke and wandered aimlessly, as if sent upon an unknown errand. I could not fix my mind upon my work; a spell seemed to have benumbed imagination and robbed both brain and hand of power to conceive and skill to execute.

At first I fancied this was only the reaction of entire freedom after long captivity, but I soon found I was bound to a more exacting mistress than my wife had ever been. Then I suspected that it was only the perversity of human nature, and that having gained my wish it grew valueless, and I longed for that which I had lost: but it was not this, for distasteful as my present life had become, the other seemed still more so when I recalled it. For a time I believed that Agatha might be right, that I was really learning to love her, and this unquiet mood was the awakening of that passion which comes swift and strong when it comes to such as I. If I had never loved I might have clung to this belief, but the memory of that earlier affection, so genial, entire and sweet, proved that the present fancy was only a delusion; for searching deeply into myself to discover the truth of this, I found that Agatha was no dearer, and to my own dismay detected a covert dread lurking there, harmless and vague, but threatening to deepen into aversion or

resentment for some unknown offence; and while I accused myself of an unjust and ungenerous weakness, I shrank from the thought of her, even while I sought her with the assiduity but not the ardor of a lover.

Long I pondered over this inexplicable state of mind, but found no solution of it; for I would no own, either to myself or Agatha, that the shadow of her prophecy had come to pass, though its substance was still wanting. She sometimes looked inquiringly into my face with those strange eyes of hers, sometimes chid me with a mocking smile when she found me sitting idly before my easel without a line or tint given though hours had passed; and often, when driven by that blind impulse I sought her anxiously among her friends, she would glance at those about her, saying, with a touch of triumph in her mien, "Am I not an enviable wife to have inspired such devotion in this grave husband?" Once, remembering her former words, I asked her playfully if she still "sent her love to find and bring me home?" but she only shook her head and answered, sadly,

"Oh, no; my love was burdensome to you, so I have rocked it to sleep and laid it where it will not trouble you again."

At last I decided that some undetected physical infirmity caused my disquiet, for years of labor and privation might well have worn the delicate machinery of heart or brain, and this warning suggested the wisdom of consulting medical skill in time. This thought grew as month after month increased my mental malady and began to tell upon my hitherto unbroken health. I wondered if Agatha knew how listless, hollow-eyed and wan I had grown; but she never spoke of it, and an unconquerable reserve kept me from uttering a complaint to her.

One day I resolved to bear it no longer, and hurried away to an old friend in whose skill and discretion I had entire faith. He was out, and while I waited I took up a book that lay among the medical works upon his table. I read a page, then a chapter, turning leaf after leaf with a rapid hand, devouring paragraph after paragraph with an eager eye. An hour passed, still I read on. Dr. L— did not come, but I did not think of that, and when I laid down the book I no longer needed him, for in that hour I had discovered a new world, had seen the diagnosis of my symptoms set forth in unmistakable terms, and found the key to the mystery in the one word—Magnetism. This was years ago, before spirits had begun their labors for good or ill, before ether and hashish had gifted humanity with eternities of bliss in a second, and while Meesmer's mystical discoveries were studied only by the scientific or philosophic few. I knew nothing of these things, for my whole life had led another way, and no child could be more ignorant of the workings or extent of this wonderful power. There was Indian blood in my veins, and superstition lurked there still; consequently the knowledge that I was a victim of this occult magic came upon me like an awful revelation, and filled me with a storm of wrath, disgust and dread.

Like an enchanted spirit who has found the incantation that will free it from subjection, I rejoiced with a grim satisfaction even while I cursed myself for my long blindness, and with no thought for anything but instant accusation on my part, instant confession and atonement on hers, I went straight home, straight into Agatha's presence, and there, in words as brief as bitter, told her that her reign was over. All that was sternest, hottest and most unforgiving ruled me then, and like fire to fire roused a spirit equally strong and high. I might have subdued her by juster and more generous words, but remembering the humiliation of my secret slavery I forgot my own offence in hers, and set no curb on tongue or temper, letting the storm she had raised fall upon her with the suddenness of an unwanted, unexpected outburst.

As I spoke her face changed from its first dismay to a defiant calmness that made it hard as rock and cold as ice, while all expression seemed concentrated in her eye, which burned on me with an unwavering light. There was no excitement in her manner, no sign of fear, or shame, or grief in her mien, and when she answered me her voice was untroubled and clear as when I heard it first.

"Have you done? Then hear me: I knew you long before you dreamed that such a woman as Agatha Eure existed. I was solitary, and longed to be sincerely loved. I was rich, yet I could not buy what is unpurchasable; I was young, yet I could not make my youth sweet with affection; for nowhere did I see the friend whose nature was akin to mine until you passed before me, and I felt at once, 'There is the one I seek!' I never yet desired that I did not possess the coveted object, and believed I should not fail now. Years ago I learned the mysterious gift I was endowed with, and for it; for, unblessed with beauty, I hoped its magic might draw others near enough to see, um—this cold exterior, the woman's nature waiting there. The first night you saw me I yielded to an irresistible longing to attract your eye, and for a moment saw the face I had learned to love looking into mine. You know how well I succeeded—you know your own lips asked the favor I was so glad to give, and your own will led you to me. That day I made another trial of my skill and succeeded beyond my hopes, but dared not repeat it, for your strong nature was not easily subdued, it was too perilous a game for me to play, and I resolved that no delusion should make you mine. I would have a free gift or none. You offered me your hand, and believing that it held a loving heart, I took it, to find that heart barred against me, and another woman's name engraved upon its door. Was this a glad discovery for a wife to make? Do you wonder she reproached you when she saw her hopes turn to ashes, and could no longer conceal from herself that she was only a stepping-stone to lift an ambitious man to a position which she could not share? You think me weak and wicked; look back upon the year nearly done and ask yourself if

many young wives have such a record of neglect, despised love, unavailing sacrifices, long suffering patience and deepening despair? I have been reading the tear-stained pages of this record when you bid me win you if I could; and with a bitter sense of the fitness of such a punishment, I resolved to do it, still cherishing a hope that some spark of affection might be found. I soon saw the vanity of such a hope, and this hard truth goaded me to redouble my efforts till I had entirely subjugated that arrogant spirit of yours, and made myself master where I would so gladly have been a loving subject. Do you think I have not suffered? have not wept bitter tears in secret, and been wrung by sharper anguish than you have ever known? If you had given any sign of affection, shown any wish to return to me, any shadow of regret for the wrong you had done me, I should have broken my wand like Prospero, and used no magic but the pardon of a faithful heart. You did not, and it has come to this. Before you condemn me, remember that you dared me to do it—that you bid me make my presence more powerful than Art—bid me convert you to my shadow, and subdue you till you came like a pet dog at my call. Have I not obeyed you? Have I not kept my part of the compact? Now keep yours."

There was something terrible in hearing words whose truth wounded while they fell, uttered in a voice whose concentrated passion made its tone distinct and deep, as if an accusing spirit read them from that book whose dread records never are effaced. My hot blood cooled, my harsh mood softened, and though it still burned, my resentment sank lower, for, remembering the little life to be, I wrestled with myself, and won humility enough to say, with regretful energy:

"Forgive me, Agatha, and let this sad past sleep. I have wronged you, but I believed I sinned no more than many another man who, finding love dead, hoped to feed his hunger with friendship and ambition. I never thought of such an act till I saw affection in your face; that tempted me, and I tried to repay all you gave me by the offer of the hand you mutely asked. It was a bargain often made in this strange world of ours, often repented as we repent now. Shall we abide by it, and by mutual forbearance recover mutual peace? or shall I leave you free, to make life sweeter with a better man, and find myself poor and honest as when we met?"

Something in my words stung her; and regarding me with the same baleful aspect, she lifted her slender hand, so wasted since I made it mine, that the single ornament it wore dropped into her palm, and holding it up, she said, as if prompted by the evil genius that lies hidden in every heart:

"I will do neither. I have outlived my love, but pride still remains; and I will not do as you have done, take cold friendship or selfish ambition to fill an empty heart; I will not be pitied as an injured woman, or pointed at as one who staked all on a man's faith and lost; I will have atonement for my long-suffering—you owe me this, and I claim it. Henceforth you are the slave of the ring, and when I command you must obey, for I possess a charm you cannot defy. It is too late to ask for pity, pardon, liberty or happier life; law and gospel joined us, and as yet law and gospel cannot put us asunder. You have brought this fate upon yourself, accept it, submit to it, for I have bought you with my wealth, I hold you with my mystic art, and body and soul, Max Erdmann, you are mine!"

I knew it was all over then, for a woman never flings such taunts in her husband's teeth till patience, hope and love are gone. A desperate purpose sprung up within me as I listened, yet I delayed a moment before I uttered it, with a last desire to spare us both.

"Agatha, do you mean that I am to lead the life I have been leading for three months—a life of spiritual slavery worse than any torment of the flesh?"

"I do."

"Are you implacable? and will you rob me of all self-control, all peace, all energy, all hope of gaining that for which I have paid so costly a price?"

"I will."

"Take back all you have given me, take my good name, my few friends, my hard-earned success; leave me stripped of every earthly blessing, but free me from this unnatural subjection, which is more terrible to me than death?"

"I will not?"

"Then your own harsh decree drives me from you, for I will break the bond that holds me, I will go out of this house and never cross its threshold while I live—never look into the face which has wrought me all this ill. There is no law, human or divine, that can give you a right to usurp the mastery of another will, and if it costs life and reason I will not submit to it."

"Go when and where you choose, put land and sea between us, break what ties you may, there is one you cannot dissolve, and when I summon you, in spite of all resistance, you must come."

"I swear I will not!"

I spoke out of a blind and bitter passion, but I kept my oath. How her eyes glittered as she lifted up that small pale hand of hers, pointed with an ominous gesture to the ring, and answered:

"Try it."

As she spoke like a sullen echo came the crash of the heavy picture that hung before us. It bore Lady Macbeth's name, but it was painted image of my wife. I shuddered as I saw it fall, for to my superstitious fancy it seemed a fatal incident; but Agatha laughed a low metallic laugh that made me cold to hear, and whispered like a sibyl:

"Accept the omen; that is a symbol of the Art you worship so idolatrously that a woman's heart was sacrificed for its sake. See where it lies in ruins at your feet, never to bring you honor, happiness or peace; for I speak the living truth when

tell you that your ambitious hopes will vanish the cloud of dust now rising like a veil between us, and the memory of this year will haunt you day and night, till the remorse you painted shall be written upon heart, and face, and life. Now go!"

Her swift words and forceful gesture seemed to banish me for ever, and, like one walking in his sleep, I left her there, a stern, still figure, with its shattered image at its feet.

That instant I departed, but not far—for as yet I could not clearly see which way duty led me. I made no confidante, asked no sympathy or help, told no one of my purpose, but resolving to take no decisive step rashly, I went away to a country house of Agatha's, just beyond the city, as I had once done before when busied on a work that needed solitude and quiet, so that if gossip rose it might be harmless to us both. Then I sat down and thought. Submit I would not, desert her utterly I could not, but I dared defy her, and I did; for as if some viewless spirit whispered the suggestion in my ear, I determined to oppose my will to hers, to use her weapons if I could, and teach her to be merciful through suffering like my own. She had confessed my power to draw her to me, in spite of coldness, poverty and all lack of the attractive graces women love; that clue inspired me with hope. I got books and pored over them till their meaning grew clear to me; I sought out learned men and gathered help from their wisdom; I gave myself to the task with indomitable zeal, for I was struggling for the liberty that alone made life worth possessing. The world believed me painting mimic woes, but I was living through a fearfully real one; friends fancied me busied with the mechanism of material bodies, but I was prying into the mysteries of human souls; and many envied my luxurious leisure in that leafy nest, while I was leading the life of a doomed convict, for as I kept my sinful vow so Agatha kept hers.

She never wrote, or sent, or came, but day and night she called me—day and night I resisted, saved only by the desperate means I used—means that made my one servant think me mad. I bid him lock me in my chamber; I dashed out at all hours to walk fast and far away into the lonely forest; I drowned consciousness in wine; I drugged myself with opiates, and when the crisis had passed, woke spent but victorious. All arts I tried, and slowly found that in this conflict of opposing wills my own grew stronger with each success, the other lost power with each defeat. I never wished to harm my wife, never called her, never sent a baneful thought or desire along that mental telegraph which stretched and thrilled between us; I only longed to free myself, and in this struggle weeks passed, yet neither won a signal victory, for neither proud heart knew the beauty of self-conquest and the power of submission.

One night I went up to the lonely tower that crowned the house, to watch the equinoctial storm that made a Pandemonium of the elements without. Rain streamed as if a second deluge was at hand; whirlwinds tore down the valley; the river chafed and foamed with an angry dash, and the city lights shone dimly through the flying mist as I watched them from my lofty room. The tumult suited me, for my own mood was stormy, dark and bitter, and when the cheerful fire invited me to bask before it I sat there wrapped in reveries as gloomy as the night. Presently the well-known premonition came with its sudden thrill through blood and nerves, and with its revengeful strength never felt before I gathered up my energies for the trial, as I waited some more urgent summons. None came, but in its place a sense of power flashed over me, a swift exultation dilated within me, time seemed to pause, the present rolled away, and nothing but an isolated memory remained, for fixing my thoughts on Agatha, I gave myself up to the dominant spirit that possessed me. I sat motionless, yet I willed to see her. Vivid as the flames that framed it, a picture started from the red embers, and clearly as if my bodily eye rested on it, I saw the well-known room, I saw my wife lying in a deep chair, wan and wasted as if with suffering of soul and body, I saw her grope with outstretched hands, and turn her head with eyes whose long lashes never lifted from the cheek where they lay so dark and still, and through the veil that seemed to wrap my senses I heard my own voice, strange and broken, whispering:

"God forgive me, she is blind!"

For a moment the vision wandered mistily before me, then grew steady, and I saw her steal like a wraith across the lighted room, so dark to her; saw her bend over a little white nest my own hands placed there, and lift some precious burden in her feeble arms; saw her grope painfully back again, and sitting by that other fire—not solitary like my own—lay her pale cheek to that baby cheek and seem to murmur some lullaby that mother-love had taught her. Over my heart strong and sudden gushed a warmth never known before, and again, strange and broken through the veil that wrapped my senses, came my own voice whispering:

"God be thanked, she is not utterly alone!"

As if my breath dissolved it, the picture faded; but I willed again and another rose—my studio, dim with dust, damp with long disease, dark with evening gloom—for one flickering lamp made the white shapes ghostly, and the pictured faces smile or frown with fitful vividness. There was no semblance of my old self there, but in the heart of the desolation and the darkness Agatha stood alone, with outstretched arms and an imploring face, full of a love and longing so intense that with a welcoming gesture and a cry that echoed through the room, I answered that mute appeal:

"Come to me! come to me!"

A gust thundered at the window, and rain fell like stormy tears, but nothing else replied; as the bright brands dropped the flame died out, and with it that sad picture of my deserted home. I longed to stir but could not, for I had called up a power I could not lay, the servant ruled the master now, and like

fastened by a spell I still sat leaning forward intent upon a single thought. Slowly from the gray embers smouldering on the hearth a third scene rose behind the smoke wreaths, changeful, dim and strange. Again my former home, again my wife, but this time standing on the threshold of the door I had sworn never to cross again. I saw the waif of the cloak gathered about her, saw the rain beat on her shelterless head, and knew that slight figure through the darkness of night, over the long bridge where the lamps flickered in the wind, along the leafy road, up the wild steps one in at the door whose closing echo startled me to the consciousness that my pulses were beating with a mad rapidity, that a cold shuddered upon my forehead, that every sense was supernaturally alert, and that all were fixed upon one point with a breathless intensity that made that little span of time as fearful as the moment when one hangs poised in air above a chasm in the grasp of nightmare. Suddenly I sprang erect, for through the uproar of the elements without, the awesome hush within, I heard steps ascending, and stood waiting in a speechless agony to see what shape would enter there.

One by one the steady footfalls echoed on my ear, one by one they seemed to bring the climax of some blind conflict nearer, one by one they knelled a human life away, for as the door swung open Agatha fell down before me, storm-beaten, haggard, spent, but loving still, for with a faint attempt to fold her hands submissively, she whispered:

"You have conquered, I am here!" and with that act grew still for ever, as with a great shock I woke to see what I had done.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years have passed since then. I sit on that same hearth a feeble, white-haired man, and beside me, the one companion I shall ever know, my little son—dumb, blind and imbecile. I lavish tender names upon him, but receive no sweet sound in reply; I gather him close to my desolate heart, but meet no answering caress; I look with yearning glance, but see only those haunting eyes, with no gleam of recognition to warm them, no ray of intellect to inspire them, no change to deepen their sightless beauty; and this fair body moulded with the Divine sculptor's gentlest grace is always here before me, an embodied grief that wrings my heart with its pathetic innocence, its dumb reproach. This is the visible punishment for my sin, but there is an unseen retribution heavier than human judgment could inflict, subtler than human malice could conceive, for with a power made more omnipotent by death Agatha still calls me. God knows I am willing now, that I long with all the passion of desire, the anguish of despair to go to her, and He knows that the one tie that holds me is this aimless little life, this duty that I dare not neglect, this long stonement that I make. Day and night I listen to the voice that whispers to me through the silence of these years; day and night I answer with a yearning cry from the depths of a contrite spirit; day and night I cherish the one sustaining hope that Death, the great consoler, will soon free both father and son from the inevitable doom a broken law has laid upon them; for then I know that somewhere in the long hereafter my remorseful soul will find her, and with its poor offering of penitence and love fall down before her, humbly saying:

"You have conquered, I am here!"

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.—Lord John Russell's speech in Scotland has caused considerable discussion in France, since it shows a decided change in the action of the British Government. The Paris correspondent of the London Post denies that the Emperor has shown the Southern Confederacy any particular favor, beyond one or two personal interviews; there has been no more official recognition by the French Ministry than by the English, the only difference being that difference in national manners which have made the French polite and insincere, and the English surly and honest. It would seem as though an attempt would be made by the French Secessionists to "smuggle the rams" into some French port, from whence they might sail, throning the ones upon France, who, certainly fears no more a war with the United States than she does with Austria and Prussia, despite all the bolderdash of our London contrabands, who write so puerilely about the effect our Gilmore guns have had upon European Governments.

FRANCE.—The brute stolidity of Russia seems to have checked the Allied Powers. Every one knew directly Earl Russell stated in the House of Lords that England, under no circumstances, would go to war for Poland, that their remonstrances, however warlike they sounded, would have no effect upon a power at once so barbarous and cunning as the oppressor of Poland and the murderer of Hungary. Louis Napoleon seems to have dropped the matter for the present, and turned his attention to Mexico. The conditions attached by Maximilian to his acceptance of the Mexican Crown render it nugatory. It would seem as though the land of the Montezumas was to be handed over to the Papal Power and the French. One thing is certain, order will evoke out of these, while anarchy has been the rule there for the last 40 years. The territory held by the French is a mere road to the capital.

GERMANY.—The Prussians would appear to have submitted to the fate of Bismarck! since royal prerogative rides triumphant over constitutional rights.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor has opened a sort of Parliament in Poland, and has promised the people a constitution. He might as well give a copy of Shakespeare to the chimpanzees!

"What will they do with it?"

JAPAN.—The next advices are looked for with considerable interest. It looks as though the Tycoon had favored the foreigners against the Daimios.

THE peach crop of Michigan this year is estimated at over 300,000 baskets, produced principally upon the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, in the vicinity of St. Joseph river. The best orchards are within two or three miles of the lake; and it is owing principally to the moist lake winds that heavy frosts are kept away, rendering a total failure of the fruit crop of rare occurrence. One man—Mr. Geo. Parmalee—has 9,000 trees, about two miles from Bronson's Harbor, directly on the lake shore, elevated about 150 feet above the water, and he has not failed for 16 years to have a good crop.

#### THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE grave said: "Lovely bloom,  
What dost thou with all  
The tears which morning for thee Jetteth  
fall?"

The rose said: "Sombre tomb,  
Want dost thou with all  
The twangs that down thy dark abysses  
fall?"

The rose with blushing pride  
Answered: "O tomb! each tear  
To rarest perfume turneth in my shade!"  
Brightening, the grave replied:  
"And all who enter here  
Again go forth in angel robes arrayed."

George Perry.

#### WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

(Concluded from page 84.)

many who have graduated to fortune from the philosophical teachings of Dr. Lowell Mason. His first idea of harmony was derived from Summer Hill, an excellent organist and a gentleman, as modest as taciturn. So diligently did he pursue his studies that at three or four years he became himself a tea-her of piano and singing, and also a practised organist. His success was most flattering, but he forged for a new and wider field for his exertions, and his steps naturally turned towards New York.

In 1840 he left Boston and came to this city, and at once commenced to make his name known and his influence felt. He began by instituting free singing schools for children, both in this city and Brooklyn. The idea soon became immensely popular, and thousands of children flocked to his free academies, to receive his instruction. By-and-by he inaugurated children's concerts, at which 500 and sometimes 1,000 little choristers, dressed in uniform white, joined their voices in chorus, while others sang songs or duets.

It was certainly a beautiful sight, and often have we seen the Old Tabernacle crowded even to the entry on such occasions. The notoriety derived from this course of action naturally secured him powerful friends, and drew around him a large and lucrative teaching connection. It also, naturally, gained him much enmity among his professional rivals, which resolved itself at last in a meeting to adopt means to put him down. The only plan they could hit upon was to all agree to teach for nothing, and on summing up the profits to be derived from that course they failed to see the advantage, and concluded to let him alone.

But they had a chance at last. Some philosophical hater has said, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" Bradbury did that thing, and urged on by his enemies, the critics pitched in, without gloves." This alarmed his publisher, who insisted that the errors should be corrected or the work be cancelled. The poor author was not over certain of his musical grammar, for composition needs rigid study and considerable practice; he looked round for some one to assist him, and at last, in despair, he threw himself upon the kindness of the well-known Mr. Hastings, offering him anything in his power if he would help him out of the scrape. The errors being very trifling, were soon corrected, and the evils of his enemies and the snarlings of the press were for ever silenced. One marked good resulted from this small trouble in the business relations which were entered between Messrs. Bradbury & Hastings; for though, when applying for assistance, Bradbury vowed he would never be caught writing a book again, within a few years he wrote and published jointly with Hastings four books of church music, all of which were great successes.

His second book was called "The School Singer," which ran through a large number of editions, and which, although 20 years old, is still frequently called for. This was followed by a number of small works for schools and for Sabbath schools, all of which were well received, and paid both author and publisher handsomely. In 1844 the first book by Hastings & Bradbury appeared. It was called "The Psalmist." The second book, "The New York Choralist," was published in 1846, the success in both instances far exceeding the anticipation of the authors.

During these years of labor and excitement he had studied faithfully, and having accumulated property by his industry and the extraordinary sale of his books, he determined to finish his studies at the fountain head of art—Germany. He left New York with his family in 1847 and went direct to Leipzig, where he studied earnestly and diligently the various branches of his art, under the best masters, for nearly two years. He was advised to study harmony and composition under the well-known Moritz Hauptmann. His reception by that master was a very pleasant one, but before commencing his studies Hauptmann requested him to send him some of his works, so that he might judge where to commence with him. Bradbury sent his last books, and on calling the next day, Hauptmann said to him, "I have examined your works, and I see that you are a musician already. I only have to carry you forward—you have nothing to retrace." Besides his studies in harmony and composition with Hauptmann, Mr. Bradbury studied vocal music with Boehm, piano with Wenzel, and the organ with a first-class professor. Having finished his studies, he made an extended tour through Switzerland, delighted once more to breathe the pure air on a soil as free as that of his own native land.

Among the pleasantest recollections of his life in Germany was his interview with the veteran pianist and composer Moeschels. Kind and courteous in his manner, his words were golden apothegms of art, always to be remembered. He talked of the piano as if it were his child, and his remarks as to its faults, its wants, and the improvements which he deemed possible, were valuable hints to the future maker of pianos.

Within three doors of his house lived the immortal author of St. Paul, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, revered and honored for his genius and goodness. It was a sad day to the whole city the day of his death. The death, the funeral, the brief look at the calm face, so beautiful in its last sleep, so impressed Mr. Bradbury, that, as a token of memory, admiration and respect, he named the book which he had written while in Germany, "The Mendelssohn Collection."

And as further remembrance of the great man so early lost, on hearing from his tuner that the grand piano which he had had was a favorite instrument of Mendelssohn, he purchased it and brought to his country house in New Jersey.

One more thing he brought from the land of music—a new daughter, born upon the soil, and is heriting the genius of the country, and whom he now calls his German child.

From the time of his return home in 1849 until he commenced the business of manufacturing pianofortes, he devoted his entire attention to teaching and to composing and publishing church music books, glee books and other musical works, to the number of some 20 volumes. He was also constantly called to conduct large musical conventions in all sections of the country—a duty which still further increased his reputation, and added greatly to his popularity. His last work, published in 1858, was called "The Juilee." He had bestowed extra care upon this book, and his labor was well rewarded, for the sale not only exceeded that of all his previous works, but of any work by any other author. More than 200,000 copies were sold in an extraordinary brief space of time.

In 1854 Wm. B. Bradbury, in connection with his brother, E. G. Bradbury, commenced the piano business with a well-known firm, which he'd been gradually growing into popularity. He had from the commencement of his musical studies paid close attention to the construction of the pianoforte, and

was familiar with all its points. He had noted the peculiarity of every maker, and his close inquiries in connection with the subject, while in Germany, threw much light upon certain imperfections which could be found, more or less, in all instruments. He was therefore ripe in understanding of the business, and was prepared to lead the advance in improvements.

Very few were the sales of the firm before Mr. Bradbury's name was associated with it, so widely spread was his reputation, so universal was the name of Bradbury known, at the end of one year the business had doubled, and at the close of the third year his books showed the extra ordinary result of a large business increasing in that brief period over two hundred per cent!

In 1862 Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury retired from the firm and commenced business on his own account. He had plans of his own to carry out, connected with the improvement of the pianoforte, which could only be done by resorting to a series of experiments, conducted entirely under his own supervision, and subject only to his control. The result of these well calculated experiments was the production of his New Scale. The instruments made upon this scale were at once submitted to professional criticism and judgment, and the opinions elicited were in every case of the most flattering description. An idea may be formed of the value and extent of the professional endorsement of Mr. Bradbury's New Scale Pianofortes from a few of the written opinions which we surjoin.

Gottschalk, the renowned pianist and composer, after a careful and thorough examination of Wm. B. Bradbury's New Scale Pianofortes, says:

"New York, July 12, 1863.  
I have examined, with great care, Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury's New Scale Pianofortes, and it is my opinion that they are very superior instruments.

"I have especially remarked their thorough workmanship, and the power, purity, richness and quality of their tone. I recommend, therefore, these instruments to the public in general, and doubt not of their success."

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

The eminent pianist William Mason gives the following opinion:

"New York, July 25, 1863.  
MR. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir—After repeated tests of your New Scale Pianoforte in almost every variety of musical composition and expression, I find that they possess, in the highest degree, all the essentials of a perfect pianoforte.

"The grandness, purity, equality and duration of tone are combined in a degree rarely to be met with, while the elasticity and perfection of the action gives the most rapid response to the touch. I consider them a very superior instrument, and as such they will command the highest commendation of the artist, the critic or amateur. Yours, very truly,

W. M. MASON."

Another eminent pianist, J. N. Pattison, gives the following judgment:

"New York, September 8, 1863.  
MR. WM. B. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir—Having thoroughly examined and tried your New Scale Pianofortes, I take great pleasure in recommending them to those desiring a superior instrument. For duration, fulness and singing quality of tone, elasticity and delicacy of touch, and perfect workmanship throughout, I consider them equal to I say I have seen."

J. N. PATTISON.

William Berge, teacher and director of the music at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, says:

"New York, July 21, 1863.  
MR. WM. B. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir—Having received at the late examination of the pupils of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Manhattanville, where they were used in company with ten others of the different manufacturers of distinction, have fully proved their superior excellence. I can therefore confidently recommend them for their superiority of tone, power, purity, quality and their touch, which enables the performer to give a truthful interpretation to the classical compositions of the great masters; and I must say that I have never played with so much satisfaction on as the two hours enjoyed by me in performing on your instruments.

W. BERGE."

C. Bassini, the celebrated cultivator of the voice, says:

"New York, April 13, 1863.  
MR. WM. B. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir—Your Pianos are truly beautiful, and I take pleasure in giving my testimony in their favor. In power, richness, purity and equality of tone they certainly excel; while for that peculiarly rich, singing tone, that is so invaluable as an accompaniment to the voice, sustaining it and blending with it, I have rarely met with their equal.

I rejoice in your great success.

C. BASSINI."

The following is a round robin of commendation, signed by the most prominent artists of the metropolis of America:

"We have examined with much care Wm. B. Bradbury's New Scale Pianofortes, and it is our opinion that in power, purity, richness, equality of tone and quality of tone they certainly excel; while for that peculiarly rich, singing tone, that is so invaluable as an accompaniment to the voice, sustaining it and blending with it, I have rarely met with their equal.

W. BERGE."

We find great brilliancy and a beautiful singing quality of tone most happily blended. We have rarely seen a square pianoforte combining so many of these qualities essential to a perfect instrument.

S. B. Mills; Wm. Mason; Harry Sunderson; Chas. Fradell; Chas. Wels; A. Bagioli; Max Maretzki; Theo. Hagen, Editor New York Musical Review; Geo. W. Morgan; Charles Grobe; John H. Ikeler; M. Strakosch; Care W. Beams; Robert Stoepel; Theo. Mocling."

Such testimonials from such eminent sources render any comment of ours unnecessary. But, Mr. Bradbury has still further triumphs to record. Within the past month he has received medals for the best pianos exhibited from the New York State Fair; from the Ohio State Fair; from the Illinois State Fair; from the Pennsylvania State Fair; and the gold medal from the New Jersey State Fair, and the Fair of the American Institute in New York City. The judges at the Fair of the American Institute were Gottschalk, B. V. Clark, W. Beams and F. H. Brown. The following letter from one of these gentlemen was received by Mr. Bradbury:

"Mr. W. B. BRADBURY.—Dear Sir—You have the Gold Medal. We congratulate you on being the successful competitor for the FIRST PRIZE GOLD MEDAL for the BEST PIANOFORTE at the Fair of the American Institute, at the Academy of Music. Your instruments fully merit this award for their richly beautiful musical tone; so powerful, yet so sweet.

Yours very truly,

CLARE W. BEAMS."

It is hardly possible to add any praise beyond the commendation given above. We can only say that we agree in every particular with the eulogiums therein expressed. They are instruments beautiful in every respect, and worthy of the implicit confidence of the public.

The splendid reputation which these instruments have achieved in the brief space of one year has created for them an extraordinary demand, that Mr. Bradbury has been compelled to double his manufacturing facilities. The large manufacture which our illustration represents was found altogether too small. Another house has been added to it, and two other factories, for the special branches of the business, are now in full operation. A success so rapid, so triumphant, and so deserved, has rarely if ever been achieved. We doubt if any parallel to it can be found in the music chronicles of the country.

IN a recent number of the *Journal d' Agriculture Pratique*, Professor Malagutti, of Rennes, publishes a series of experiments, leading, as he says, to the conclusion that the solubility of gypsum is increased by maceration in water, and that the liquid form of application, on that as on other grounds, is the best.

#### THE PRESIDENT AND THE OFFICE-SEEKERS.

WHILE the Government steamer was taking Admiral Milne, Lord Lyons, Mr. Secretary Seward and others some few days ago to visit Mount Vernon, the conversation turned upon the President. We need hardly give Lord Lyons's opinion, since all know he considers him one of the ablest men of the age, one who hides under a genial simplicity of manner a great firmness of character and true sublimity of soul; a man, in fact, who never loses his self-balance. This view a recent English writer has taken in a discourse the text of which is Mr. Lincoln's *sans souci* letter to Hackett the comedian. Everybody also knows that the "Sage of Autum" Seward, has a high opinion of his chief. When Lord Lyons had finished his remarks upon the President, Mr. Seward says: "Gentlemen, I will tell you one little story, Mr. Lincoln never tells a joke for the joke's sake, they are like the parables of old—lessons of wisdom. Let me give you an instance. When he first came to Washington he was inundated with office-seekers. There was Jem Lane, Jack Street, Joe Avenue and Gas Swamp. One day he was particularly afflicted; about twenty place-holders from all parts of the Union had taken possession of his room with bales of credentials and self-recommendations ten miles long. After a time the President said:

"Gentlemen, I must tell you a little story I read one day when I was minding a mud-sow in one of the bayous near the Yazoo. A certain king had a minister upon whose judgment he always depended, just as I do upon my friend here," pointing to me, said Seward, blushing.

"Now it happened that one day the king took it into his head to go hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the minister and asked him if it would rain. The minister told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

"While he was journeying along they met a countryman on a jackass. He advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin.

"When they had returned to the palace the king reprimanded the minister severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not.

"The king then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, "how you knew it would rain?"

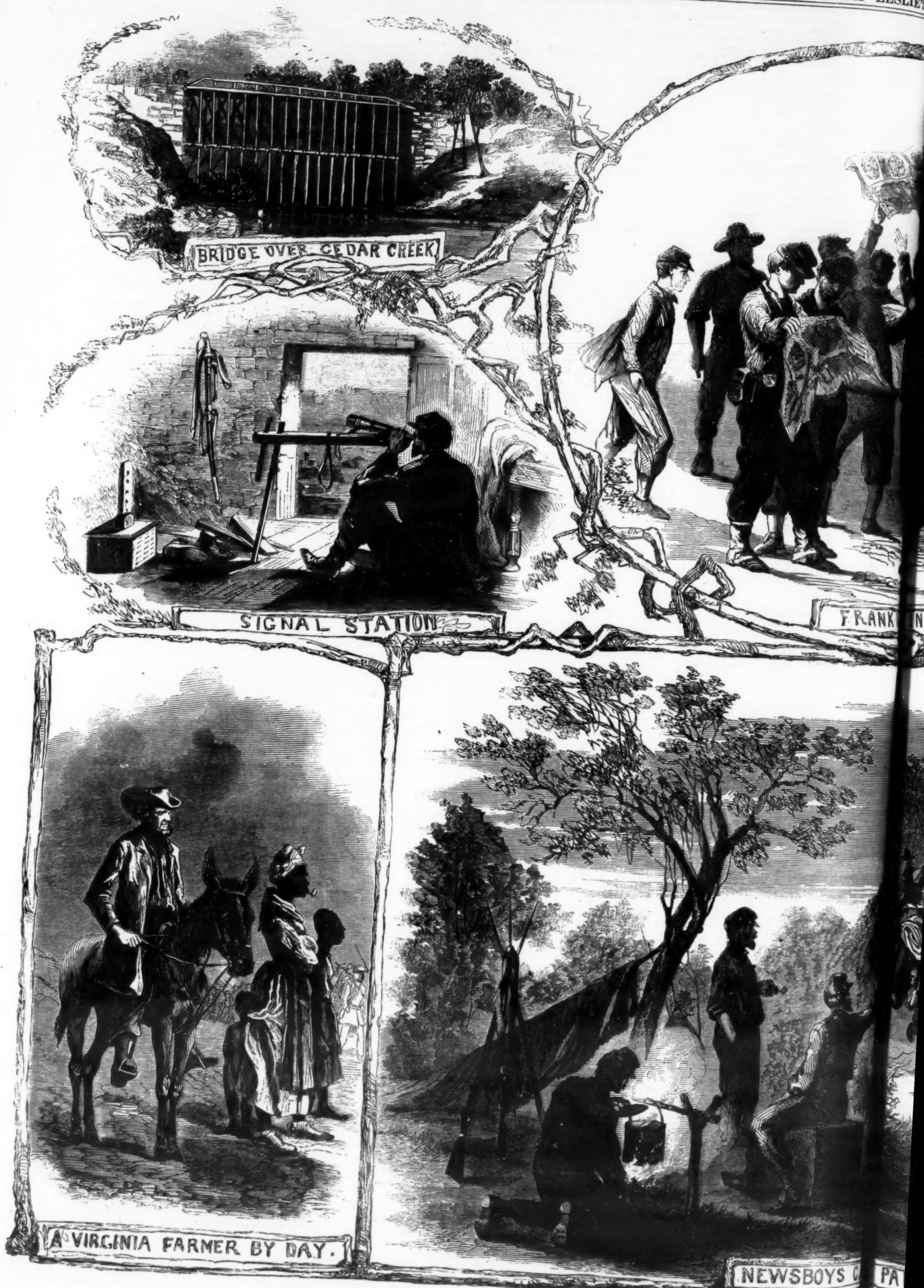
"I didn't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.

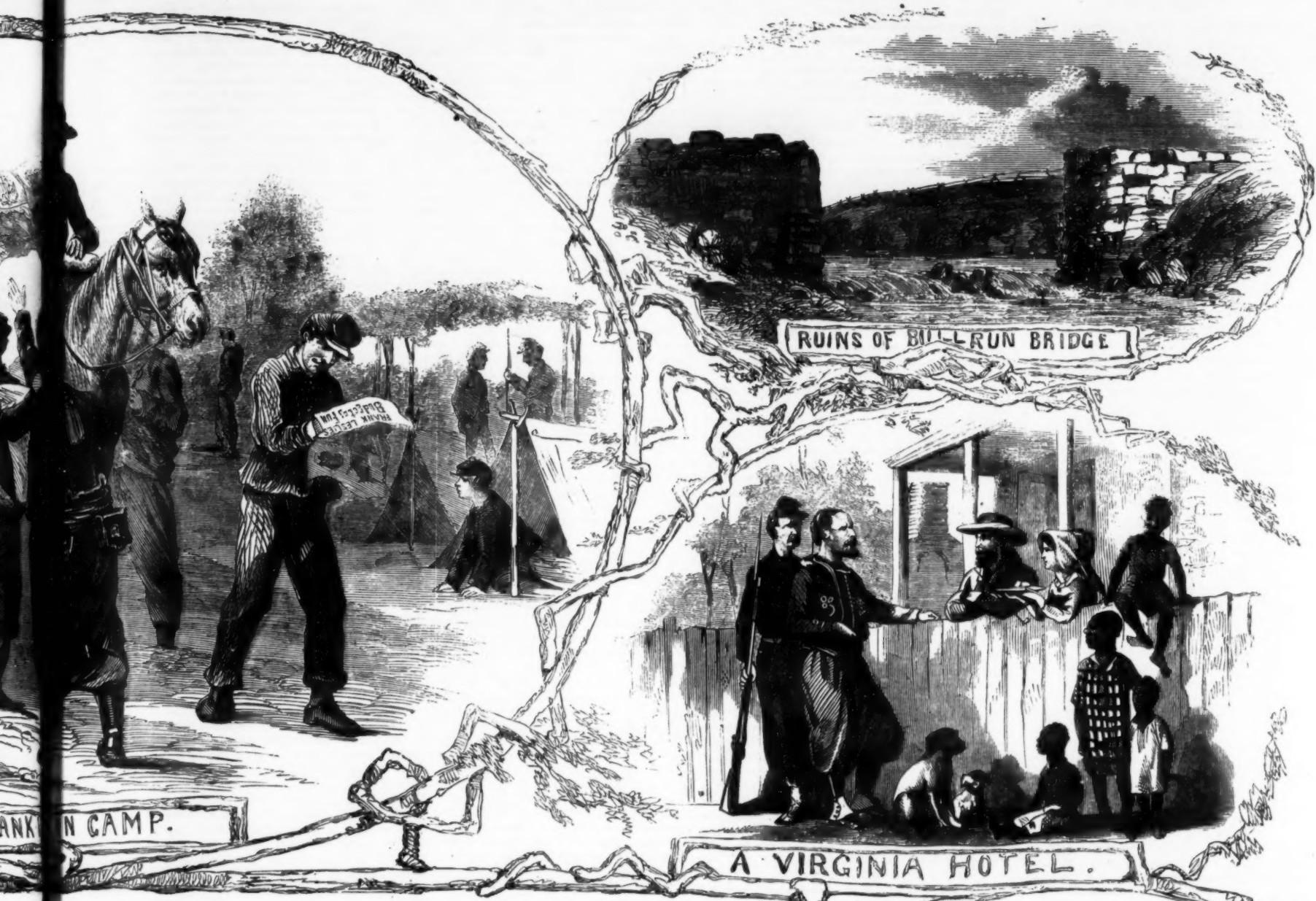
"By pricking up his ears, your majesty," returned the rustic.

"The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, put him (the jackass) in the place the minister had filled.

"And here," observed Mr. Lincoln, looking very wise, "is where the king made a great mistake."



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SCENES IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND THE CONFEDERACY.



## SONG FOR THINKERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

TAKE the spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide;  
Every rotten root of Faction  
Hurry out and cast aside;  
Every stubborn weed of Error,  
Every seed that hurts the soil,  
Trees, whose very growth is terror—  
Dig them out whate'er the toll.

Give the stream of Education  
Broader channel, bolder force;  
Hurl the stones of Persecution  
Out where'er they block its course;  
Seek for strength in self-exertion;  
Work, and still have faith to wait;  
Close the crooked gate to Fortune;  
Make the road to Honor straight!

Men are agents for the future;  
As they work, so ages win  
Either harvests of advancement,  
Or the products of their sin;  
Follow out true cultivation;  
Widen Education's plan;  
From the Majesty of Nature  
Teach the Majesty of Man!

Take the spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide,  
Every bar to true instruction  
Carry out and cast aside:  
Feed the plant whose fruit is Wisdom;  
Cleanse from crime the common sod,  
So that from the Throne of Heaven  
It may bear the glance of God.

## THE HEIRESS OF ELKINGTON.

## PART I.

My father dwelt beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he,  
And all his wealth was marked as mine,  
For he had only me.  
To woo me from his tender arms  
Unnumbered suitors came,  
Who praised me for imputed charms,  
And felt or feigned a flame.

On a dismal November morning a silent family party were assembled at breakfast, in the library at Elkington Priory.

The cause of the gloom which prevailed will be easily explained.

The handsome, brown-haired, haughty-looking girl, who is pouring out her father's coffee (and who just now cast a furtive glance at the contents of the postbag, arranged before him for distribution), is at this present moment sole, undisputed heiress to the magnificent Elkington property. She is, moreover, very nearly of age, and on that day week will attain her majority: but there is no happy expectation to be read in the sparkle of those dark eyes, which, set in their starlike beauty, under the low classical brows, have a power of their own, of which their young owner is haughtily and somewhat disdainfully conscious.

She is so accustomed to adulation that it has lost its charm, and ceases to create much emotion in her feminine breast. But there is, alas! the strongest, the bitterest and the most baneful of human passions now raging within it—the passion of jealousy, and of her twin sister, hate. It is the dull light of those smouldering fires which burns in the beautiful eyes, and gives an expression to the whole countenance of gloom and reserve, not natural in one so young.

The events of the next few days, which that silent family party so drearily await, are full of importance to Ella Elkington; her fate is trembling in the balance, for her stepmother is daily expecting to bring a child into the world, who, if it prove a son, will rob the young reigning monarch of the inheritance which for twenty years has been looked upon as her own; of the crown and sceptre which she has worn so proudly, and which will then devolve on a puny infant, who will be hailed as the son and heir.

The elderly gentleman, who looks cowed and hopeless in the presence of the unpropitious feminine element of his family, does not appear either happy or triumphant, in the prospect of an heir to the house, of which he has been for fifty years the sole male representative; and his wife, in whom we might at least expect to detect some flush of latent joy, in the prospect of increased importance (and of what is so dear to the heart of an ambitious woman, of power), looks more sad and depressed than her husband or her stepdaughter.

She is the prey of an undefined terror, which the rosy light of hope can neither annihilate nor dispel; it haunts her by night, and sits by her side through the day. She is no longer young; her health has latterly visibly declined, and from a strong, healthy woman she has lapsed into a nervous invalid; she looks forward to the prospect of her approaching maternity with feelings of unmitigated fear; any allusion to it driving the blood to her heart with such dangerous precipitancy, that one who loves her so little as her stepdaughter is moved with pity for her on these occasions; and her maid, the only creature in the world who really cares for her, shakes her head in the housekeeper's room, and says, on the morning of which I speak, "My mistress will never get over it, Mrs. Bouncer. Mark my words! I tell you that she will never get over it."

To these desponding remarks Mrs. Bouncer makes no reply. She is thinking of her master, the hale old man of a year ago, broken visibly under the turbulent reign of an ill-tempered woman enduring physical suffering for the first time in her life.

They all pitied him; his old servants and depend-

ents pitied him; his daughter pitied him most of all. No mortal but herself had seen the tear which gathered in his eye, and trickled down his wrinkled cheek, as he sealed and directed the letter which was to order a costly offering for his daughter on her approaching birthday. She well knew the source of it. The diamond bracelet and the lost inheritance, the sparkling jewels and the clouded fate—his senile folly was repented, but not until it was too late; that bitter tear had a very bitter source his daughter felt, and the sight of it wrung her generous heart to the core. Flinging her warm young arms round his drooping neck, she said—

"Father, I can bear anything but this; if the inheritance I may lose could buy back that one tear—it may be hers, it may be his," she added with a strange smile, "his with all my heart and soul. Father, you shall not be unhappy; you have me still; not all the heirs in Christendom shall come between you and me."

Poor Ella! they maligned you who said that you were cold and heartless. If you could hate keenly, you could love with all the fervor of an ardent soul.

A dangerous temperament that which knows no medium, whose emotions are passions, whether of joy or sorrow, of love or hate—a dangerous temperament indeed!

To explain fully the complication of family interests and feuds, which had sown strife among the inmates of Elkington Priory, it will be necessary to go back to the time of the "Squire's" courtship of its present mistress; to the time when that pale, sickly-looking woman was a dashing, clever widow, and first made havoc in a breast which had been so long constant to the memory of one beloved object, that the most active feminine imagination (with one exception) had ceased to speculate upon the bestowal of its affections elsewhere.

Mrs. de Vere, the widow who accomplished the deed, had taken a cottage ornée in the neighborhood of the Priory. There are people who go so far as to say that she took it with the intention of becoming the second Mrs. Elkington, but with such slanderous pen has nothing to do. We have only to mention facts; and to remark that with a reputation for flirting, more than was altogether in keeping with the widow's weeds but lately cast aside; with being freer with promises than with cheques to the tradesmen who were dazzled by her fashionable entourage; and for being not altogether what dignified, home-loving matrons call "the thing," she managed that her thoroughbred ponies should stamp the smooth gravel coach roads of the best houses in —shire, and that the aristocratic and somewhat exclusive owners of them should eventually succumb to the intolerable pressure of boredom, which she brought to bear upon them, and allow her to consider herself, as she expressed it, "one of themselves."

In the hunting field Mrs. de Vere's upright, firm figure, which was too squarely built for grace, but which was in keeping with the showy, rather vulgar beauty of her face, was as well known as that of the master of the hounds. She did not ride much, but she attended all the meets, and was as much dreaded by the real hunting men as she was sought by the butterfly sportsmen, who had no more idea of what the hounds were about than the would-be Diana herself.

On one of these occasions she had been accompanied by a remarkably handsome young man, whom she introduced to her acquaintances as her brother, Capt. Blayne. He was not in the least like his sister, for his features were refined as well as regular, and his mouth in particular was remarkable for mobility and beauty of expression. His manners were quiet; but Mrs. de Vere knew well enough that the nameless fascination which makes men popular with women was his, and that he was admitted and sought after in circles which, with all her dash and daring, she could never hope to enter.

She was not without a hope, however, that these singular attractions might, in the country (where people are less on their guard against ineligible acquaintances than in town), open a road for her to a certain exclusive lady set, who had hitherto steadily repelled her advances—Ella Elkington, the beauty and heiress, being one of the most obdurate of the number.

On the day in question the young lady, she knew, would be out with her father, and she was fully determined, by hook or by crook, to effect her bold design.

It was a glorious hunting morning, and a larger field than usual were assembled at the favorite meet, Finchley Dingle. Mrs. de Vere, mounted on a showy chestnut, which she called "Change for a Sovereign," because, as she explained to her attendant cavaliers, who were rather tired of the joke, "nothing went faster," gazed anxiously down the by-lane which led to the Priory, fearing that Miss Elkington would not be out after all. Her fears on that head proved groundless; another minute or two, and she was gazing with envy at the graceful girl, mounted and dressed to perfection, making her courteous acknowledgments to the crowd of adherents who pressed about her horse, a hot, young thoroughbred, which, against her father's anxious advice, his wayward mistress had insisted upon riding to hounds that day for the first time.

As the widow gazed (outside the charmed circle, whose limits she could not pass) at the well-set, finely-mounted head, at the neat, workmanlike costume, at the elegance and quiet of Miss Elkington's whole turnout, she felt, for once in her life, that she was extinguished and outdone.

She actually blushed in uneasy consciousness of her red feather and her loud tie, of her stamping screw, and of her fast acquaintance. She realised at last that there was a gulf between her and the heiress which was as impassable as it was impalpable; and the empty and rather impudent chaff of her young men adherents seemed stale, flat and unprofitable, now that she had an opportunity of

comparing that sort of adulation with the respectful homage which the well-bred courtesy of her rival exacted and received. Her hopes with regard to intimacy with the Elkingtons fell rapidly.

She had worked her way with the good-natured, timid squire, but that haughty, self-possessed girl, she quailed under her supercilious stare, for so she called the somewhat amazed glance of the heiress, who had hitherto heard much but seen little of the dashing widow, with whom she now felt she never could have anything in common.

Capt. Blayne was not at that moment at his sister's side; she saw, with admiring approbation, with what easy nonchalance he entered the charmed circle, and obtained an introduction to the squire and his lovely daughter. The first step was thus taken towards the acquaintance which she so ardently desired, and she knew that the game was in able and willing hands, for her brother possessed, in an eminent degree, that nameless fascination, which, while it insures the smiles of women, is looked upon with simulated contempt, but with inward jealousy, by the less captivating of the ruder sex.

The words "puppy!" "dandy!" "butterfly!" were liberally applied to the handsome captain by those who, piquing themselves upon being essentially sportsmen, looked upon the appearance of ladies and ladies' men in the huntingfield as a wicked innovation. Capt. Blayne had not as yet shown what he was made of, or displayed the capabilities of the fine Irish mare, whose splendid condition was the admiration of those learned in horseflesh, and whose wild, fiery eye spoke of the "lurking devil" within, which made Kate O'Shane a valuable possession to a first-rate horseman only.

"Keep clear of Miss Elkington's horse, if you please, gentlemen," said the rather fidgety squire. "I wish, my dear child, you would be persuaded to ride."

And Abd-el-Kader, to keep up the character so ungraciously bestowed, commenced a series of capers and plunges as he caught the first notes of the hounds breaking cover, which made the squire turn pale, and the gallant captain, whose mare knew that her work was before her, and made no waste of superfluous energy in frolic at the cover side, draw, without any intrusive demonstration, a little nearer to her bride rein.

As the hounds broke away with the melodious cry, which is the sweetest music in the ears of horses and men which can wake the echoes of the winter woods, the huntsman jumped his old horse Whiff, who was rather stiff in his joints, and required a little humorizing as to the height of his fences, over a gap immediately in front of the little group, now diminished to three in number, which excited Miss Elkington's horse to such a maddening extent that he became restive and finally uncontrollable; and after shaking his head with a snort of defiance of the small but determined hands, which were equally bent upon having a will of their own, Abd-el-Kader followed the example of the hounds, and broke away, rushing down the hillside with the fury and rapidity of a torrent escaping from a temporary dam. Fortunately for the equanimity of the master of the pack, Abd-el-Kader's excitable temperament ignored the delights of the chase so far that he did not feel it incumbent upon him to follow the lead of the hounds, who must in such a case have suffered from so mad an outbreak on his part, but struck out an original line, which he seemed bent on pursuing, heedless of consequences to himself.

Capt. Blayne, who was a cool, calm young officer, not easily surprised out of his presence of mind, immediately planned a counter-evolution, whose pros he had accepted, and whose cons he had absolutely rejected, before the squire had fully taken in that his daughter's horse was running away, or that he was for the time being the most miserable and helpless of elderly gentlemen, whose whole hope in life was dependent upon one reckless steed.

Capt. Blayne had determined to race Abd-el-Kader in a parallel direction, until the superior strength and speed of Kate O'Shane should enable him to turn suddenly and confront him, thereby arresting his course, before he reached the brook which ran through the open, over which he was then galloping with such determined speed.

Mrs. de Vere, who, deserted by her cavaliers, had been about to return home with her groom, did not lose her presence of mind either on the occasion. She reined in her showy chestnut, and hastened to the squire's side, who, speechless, and apparently paralyzed with fright, was about to put his cob's head to his speed to join the desperate chase.

"My dear sir," she said, eagerly, "let me advise you. Be calm. Leave Miss Elkington's rescue to my brother. He will effect it, rest assured. Do not attempt to follow them. Do let me persuade you. See, my brother gains upon Miss Elkington; his horse is a noted steeplechaser; your daughter's has no chance against such a stride as that. He has wheeled round. He is cutting her off. Now again they are neck and neck. He would not stop her too abruptly; he has hold of her reins. Compose yourself, my dear, dear sir; and let me congratulate you. Miss Elkington is safe!"

"Thank God! thank God!" said the old man, as he burst into tears and sobbed like a child. "God bless your brother, madam, whoever he is; he is a noble fellow! God bless him! God bless him!" And then the cob was indeed put to his speed. And with the showy chestnut, and the red feather in his wake, the squire hastened towards the spot where the blowing and foam-flecked steeds were standing quiet and at rest, while a few words were exchanged between the two who had just ridden such a headlong race, as it seemed, for life or death.

The heiress never looked handsomer or more fascinating than at that moment.Flushed (and her face was one which a blush became), excited, breathless, but not in the least shaken or alarmed, with the dignity that was natural to her she thanked her deliverer for his timely rescue. Cool, calm

and collected, with the deepest demonstration respect he received her thanks, while the thought uppermost in his mind was that Ella Elkington was, without exception, the loveliest girl that he had ever seen. If a vision of her reputed birth at the same time flashed across the retina of his mental vision, we will only remark upon that score, that if Capt. Blayne was an Adonis and a hero, in the eyes of every woman who ever listened to the modulated accents which fell from a mouth moulded in nature's most perfect cast, to the author, the *valet de chambre*, of his mental attributes, he is but a mortal man after all.

And thus the wish nearest the widow's heart was accomplished, an introduction to the family at Elkington Priory. It grew and increased beyond her most sanguine hopes; and rumor went so far as to state that the pretty heiress was not altogether indifferent to the attentions of her brother, Capt. Blayne, who made the cottage his home during his long leave, and on non-hunting days scarcely ever missed the opportunity of riding over to the Priory, or of driving Mrs. de Vere, whom Ella now pronounced to be a goodnatured woman, but whose amusement (imprudent Ella!) she generally left to the squire, while she talked and laughed, and (shall we acknowledge it) flirted with the gallant officer of dragoons, who, as might be imagined, was not in any way loth. As his leave drew towards an end, he was, in fact, bold enough, upon the strength of the encouragement given, to hazard a proposal, which was declined in such a manner as not to preclude all hope.

"I cannot think of marrying yet, Captain Blayne," said the young heiress, haughtily; but there was a slight stress upon the last word, which seemed to hint that when the auspicious moment did arrive it would be as well if it found her present companion at his post. "I shall not think of marrying until I am of age; and that will be for two years to come."

During the spring and summer months Captain Blayne paid frequent short visits to the cottage, and the latter end of August saw him once more located there for his long leave. Mrs. de Vere had in the meanwhile worked her way so far as to be more than tolerated by Ella, and to be quite essential to the squire, who was fond of the lively gossip with which she entertained him.

On the sunny August afternoon, Ella and her lover strolled together on the wide terrace walk which was enlivened by all the windows of all the sitting-rooms in the house.

"It is very hot here," at last remarked Ernest Blayne; but as that gallant officer had encountered the fierce Indian sun with impunity, and his hardy constitution been none worse for it, we must be pardoned if we hold the assertion that he was inconvenienced by those mild August sunbeams in polite disbelief.

"I like it," was the lady's reply, who perhaps knew for certain what we have only hinted at, that her companion only wished for an opportunity of forsaking their rather public promenade for one of a more sequestered kind. "I like it; it cannot be too hot for me," she added, taking off her hat, and letting the sun play amongst the thick tresses of hair, which only wanted more decided hues to make it perfectly beautiful. "It was somewhat of too dead a brown," young ladies, her contemporaries—who of course were the best judges in such a delicate question—said; but however that may have been, Capt. Blayne would have been very glad to have had a lock of the silken appendage to take back with him that afternoon; as an outward sign of the favor in which he believed (and not without reason) that he was held in the heart of the young heiress to the Priory, and to a clear forty thousand a year, which we believe made a very pretty background (and upon our word and honor, and in the unromantic character of *valet-de-chambre* to the young man's mental attributes, we assert it only a background) to the picture of conjugal felicity which had lately dawned upon the imagination of that aspiring captain of dragoons.

As it was not probable that so precious a gift would be made under the supervision of four footmen in scarlet plush, who were removing the luncheon from the dining-room, or of the squire and the widow who entertained each other in the library, the tactics of the young man were to effect, at all hazards, a retreat to the conventional shady grove, in which lovers have chosen to walk from the beginning, and in which they will most probably choose to walk until the end of time.

But if the tactics proved so far successful that they allured the lady from the terrace, where she "liked the heat," they did not appear to have progressed far towards gaining the fortress besieged, for at the end of their walk in that secluded and convenient spot, the last remark which fell from the lips of the same lady was that "she detested shade."

The widow's pretty ponies had reason to remember that notable sentence, for the temper of the young dragoon was considerably ruffled as he drove his sister home, and the high-spirited animals represented the unusual rough treatment which they received to such an extent that if they were not running away all the way home, they were doing something which had very much that appearance.

"She detests shade, does she?" said the captain to himself. "And I detest humbug. Upon my soul it's too bad!"

Now if Capt. Blayne thought Ella's conduct towards himself too bad, there were perhaps private reasons for his doing so. There existed, no doubt, some secret sacred even from the *valet de chambre*, and which he has not the power of opening for the benefit of public curiosity. All that he can assert upon the matter is, that it is a phrase seldom out of the young man's mouth; so we must suppose him, upon his own showing, to be the victim of some more than human consummation of iniquity—some invisible league of the powers of darkness

preserving the incognito of the convenient neuter "it."

Does it freeze on a hunting morning, the neuter is arraigned at the awful tribunal of his private judgment, and pronounced "too bad;" does his indulgent father decline to devote the half of his yearly income to the settlement of Young Hopeful's jewellery bill, the aspect of the neuter becomes terrible indeed, the black clouds of destiny are thereby represented, and the thunderer Jove is called upon to register and endorse the fact, that it is indeed "too bad." If a girl declined or evaded his suit, a trial which, it was true, he had not often experienced, the depths of the neuter's malignity no mortal could be supposed capable of sounding.

(To be continued.)

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**PIQUE.** A Novel. Boston: Loring.

In our last we noticed this new novel briefly from a first glance. A perusal of it shows a great deal of power in the development of the plot and character. Mildred, the heroine, is carefully drawn, and Lord Alresford well sustained, although an almost unnatural character. The plot turns on a *mariage de convenance* between them, to which Mildred submits, although captivated for the moment by the showy qualities of a Col. Sutherland; but the working out of the story, till the real reflection of the parties married, not married, emerges from the pique and sensitive disposition of the one and the overbearing tyrannical character of the other, is very well managed. The unknown author will certainly rank among our clever writers of fiction.

**GEORGE W. CHILDS,** of Philadelphia, whose name is a guarantee for good taste and useful books, announces "The Union Generals embracing the Lives and Services of the Generals of the Union Army," with 80 steel plate portraits, maps, plans and other illustrations. The biographies are to be from capable hands, including J. E. C. Abbott, R. L. Loesing, J. C. Hedges, E. A. Duyckinck, Col. Gardner, G. Shea, Major J. Grant Wilson, Dr. Tomee and many others, and will give graphic pictures of all their great battles.

The name of Mr. Childs is the highest guarantee that the work will be in every respect worthy of the public patronage, and this we are sure will be given liberally to a work of such enduring value. No effort will be spared to make it at once an authentic record of the heroes of the great civil war, and a gallery through which no American can look without patriotic enthusiasm. Its appearance will be hailed with delight by all.

#### THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

We asked a lady friend of ours how she liked the opera this season. She answered beautiful, perfectly beautiful! We felt encouraged, and began to expatiate upon the merits of the peerless Medori and Sulzer, Mazzoleni and Bellini, and had very nearly worked ourselves up into a frenzy of enthusiasm, when she interrupted us, saying, "Oh, yes, the singers are well enough, but I didn't pay much attention to them. I saw so many beautiful diamonds, and so many exquisite toilettes, that I could have cried with envy—the music only bored me!" The faintest ghost of a smile escaped us, and we swallowed at one gulp all we had said, and talked of drygoods and jewellery. O Soul! how small an end of a horn you occupy when compared with matter! O Art! how weak thy fascinations when opposed to diamonds! O Woman! how sublimely affluent is thy passion for gewgaws and frippery! O Idler! what an ass to expend thy priceless enthusiasm upon the unsympathizing rotundity of corded crinoline! Still the opera is a glorious institution, and we have rarely had an ensemble more entirely admirable than Maretzki presents us with this season. The artists are fine, and they are, moreover, conscientious and anxious to please; the chorus is excellent, and the band full and thoroughly competent. The great success of the past week was undoubtedly the production of "Ione." It would almost seem that the music was conceived for and fitted to our great quartette, Medori, Sulzer, Mazzoleni and Bellini, for in this work they exhibit their finest qualities. They realize the creations of the composer, they seem to throw the whole force of their physical and intellectual powers into the delineation of the characters, so that nothing is left to the imagination. It is unquestionably a performance of the highest excellence. On Thursday evening Mdlle. Artolani Brignoli appeared in "La Traviata," and fully sustained the high reputation she won for herself last season. It was a charming performance throughout. Miss Kellogg delighted our neighbors of Brooklyn on Thursday evening, in "Rigoletto," and attracted a brilliant audience. She appeared in the same character at the matinee on Saturday, with the same success. The house was full of ladies in the most exquisite costumes, forming a brilliant coup d'etat of beauty and fashion. Verdi's celebrated opera of "Macbeth" is in the feature at the Academy this week.

Gottschalk commenced his brilliant series of concerts at Irving Hall this week, the notice of which we must defer until our next.

Mr. Theodore Thomas commences his series of popular afternoon concerts on Saturday next, the 24th inst., at Irving Hall. Gottschalk will play, and a number of popular artists will add interest to the programme. Some new artists will also appear, it being the determination of Mr. Thomas to afford to native talent an opportunity to gain a hearing before the public. We hope to see these concerts fully attended.

The promised piano recitals of Mr. S. B. Mills are postponed until after the first Philharmonic concert in November.

The Philharmonic rehearsals have commenced at the Academy of Music, at which place their concerts will be given this season. The programme for the first concert is admirable. The memorial concert to the lamented Hermann A. Wollenhaupt, is fixed to take place on the 4th of November, at Irving Hall. Its details are under the charge of the most eminent musical and literary gentlemen of the city, and we anticipate a programme worthy the occasion. The concert committee consists of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Siehwany, C. B. Seymour, W. H. Fry, Theodore Hagen, U. A. Dehli and Max Maretzki. The printing committee consists of the following gentlemen: Messrs. L. F. Harrison, who has generously tendered Irving Hall for the occasion, W. A. Pond, Charles Frazer, E. Remae, M. Massena and Paul F. Nicholson, President of the General Committee, Gen. Wm. Hall, Treasurer, C. Boer, Secretary, Henry C. Watson. It is believed that, large as Irving Hall is, it will be too small to contain the hosts of friends and admirers anxious to pay a tribute to the memory of one so universally beloved and esteemed as Hermann A. Wollenhaupt. The tickets are now ready at Beer & Schirmer's, Broadway.

Robert Stoepel is busily employed in preparing his singers for the production of his beautiful cantata "Hiawatha," which will be shortly given at Irving

Hall. Miss Matilda Heron (Mrs. Stoepel), will read the selected portions of the poem, and the solo will be sustained by, among others, Mr. Castles and Mr. Campbell. We are delighted to think that this fine work will be a great success.

Miss Kimberly read Shakespeare's "Midsummer's Night Dream," at Irving Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst. The original music by Mendelssohn was performed by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas. We shall notice it in our next.

The new play at Wallack's, "Roseale; or, the Rose Ball," has made an extraordinary hit, and has been played every night since the opening, to crowded and fashionable houses. It seems to have taken hold of the sympathies of the public, and the anxiety to witness what is so great a large proportion of the reserve seats are taken a whole week in advance. It is hardly necessary to say that "Roseale" will be repeated every night until further notice.

At Niblo's Garden the management has definitely settled down into the American dramas of Mr. Forrest's repertoire, i.e., the dramas written for him by American authors. During the past week "Jack Cade" has been given, succeeded this week by that dramatic marvel, "Metamora." We call this a dramatic marvel, for the reason that it is one of the worst successful dramas written in modern times, and could not fail to have been doomed, or in the critical paroxysm, damned, upon its first night, but for Mr. Forrest's superb rendering of the Indian character, who constitutes the whole attraction of the tragedy. This is a great piece of acting—we use the word advisedly—and has preserved the play while he lives from passing out of the range of the living drama. We believe during the next week the very best of American plays is to be reproduced. We allude to Dr. Bird's "Broker of Bogota," Mr. Forrest sustaining the part of Febro.

Madie Felicita Vestavall finished her engagement at Niblo's Garden on Tuesday evening last, and goes direct to Baltimore. Her success here, especially in a money point of view, has been unparalleled. Every night she appeared the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, many persons being turned from the doors. We hope the same success will attend her everywhere.

Mr. Edwin Booth closed the most brilliant engagement he ever played in New York on Saturday last. An immense audience filled Winter Garden to its utmost capacity, and Mr. Booth received a perfect ovation. Mr. J. S. Clarke, the popular comedian, is the star at Winter Garden this week. He is one of the best comedians of the day; he is an extraordinary favorite in this city, and his engagement will, undoubtedly, prove a great success.

Mrs. John Wood has discarded the worn-out, hockneyed and not over delicate piece, "Brother and Sister," and has replaced it with Brougham's most admirable burlesque extravaganza, "Hiawatha." It is strongly cast, and is put upon the stage with new scenery, costumes, &c. It will, undoubtedly, be a success, and this beautiful and lively little theatre will continue to be crowded as it has been since its opening. We shall notice the performance in our next.

The Sioux Indians have left, peace to their ashes, the ashes in their peace pipes we mean. Mr. Barnum has prepared another novelty for his patrons, called "The Warning of Death," a spectral drama of intense and startling interest. The Ghost effect will, of course, be introduced. There will also be an Italian ballet called "The Vine Dressers of Como," performed by a fine company of pantomimists and dancers. The thousands of rare curiosities are on exhibition both day and evening.

The entertainments at Wood's Minstrels are of the most pleasing and humorous character. The singing is most excellent, and the fun is irresistible. The house is crowded every night.

#### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE civil tribunal of the Seine has given judgment in an action brought by the heirs of Pierre Loustaunau, formerly Generalissimo of the armies of the Mahratta, in the East Indies, against the representatives of M. Lepine, Jeweller to Napoleon I., to recover the sum of 600,000 francs, the value of a ruby which Gen. Loustaunau had entrusted for sale to M. Lepine. The plaintiffs also demanded damages to the amount of 200,000 francs. In opening the case, the counsel for the plaintiffs gave a long account of the adventures of Pierre Loustaunau, who was a native of the village at the foot of the Pyrenees, which he left when quite a young man, in 1777, during the excitement caused by the American War of Independence, with the intention of seeking his fortune in America. Not being able, however, to find a vessel for that destination, he took his passage to the East Indies, on board a ship carrying an envoy from the King of France, charged to conclude with an East Indian potentate an offensive and defensive alliance against the English, and landed at a port in the Mahratta territory, not far from Bombay.

The Emperor of the Mahratta had just been assassinated, and two princes disputed the throne, one of whom was supported by the French and the other the English. Loustaunau immediately determined to join the former, and obtained a letter of recommendation from the French envoy. His offered services were declined on account of his youth. He then determined to serve as a volunteer, and in the course of the war he distinguished himself so much as to be entrusted with the command of a detachment, at the head of which he gained an advantage over the English, for which the Prince rewarded him with a horse, richly caparisoned, and a sum of 5,000 rupees. He afterwards obtained a high command, and greatly contributed to the successful issue of an important battle, during which he lost his left hand. He had a silver hand made to replace it, and the very first time he appeared at the head of his troops with his new hand, an Indian priest, falling on his knees before him, declared that the will of fate was accomplished, for that an ancient prophecy had declared that the Mahratta Empire would attain the highest degree of power when its arms should be commanded by a stranger from the far west, with an invincible silver hand. From that time Loustaunau was regarded as the first subject in the empire, and became Generalissimo. He held that high post for 18 years, during which he amassed immense riches.

The love of native land, however, was still strong within him, and he resolved to return home. He accordingly transatlantic! His fortune, amounting to about 8,000,000 francs, to France, through a merchant of Chambord, and soon after took his departure, re-arriving, as a farewell gift from the prince, the very day for the recovery of which the present proceedings were instituted. On leaving India, his good fortune abandoned him; for, after narrowly escaping shipwreck, he arrived in France to find that his 8,000,000 francs, which had to be exonerated into assignations, were then only worth 200,000 francs. With this remnant he bought some ironworks near the Spanish frontier, but his establishment was destroyed in 1801 by Spanish guerrillas. He then came to Paris to sell his gems, and entrusted the ruby to M. Lepine.

On his return to the Pyrenees he was captured by some Spanish partisans and detained for a long time a prisoner in a small island of the Mediterranean, from which he at last escaped by swimming to a passing vessel bound for the Levant. He landed in Syria, and there became insane and was kindly treated by a wealthy merchant. He soon recovered his senses, but when he related his history, all who heard it thought him as mad as ever. He wrote to France, however, and was soon joined by his son, and both of them were introduced to Lady Esther Stanhope, who, being addicted to astrology, took a liking to them, because she thought there was

some mysterious connection between her star and Loustaunau's. The young man died two years before Lady Stanhope, and at her death General Loustaunau was received into the French charitable establishment, where he remained till his decease.

His representatives are now in theenth of poverty, and reclaim the debt incurred by the late master. The counsel for the defendant admitted that the ruby had been entrusted to Lepine, but declared that when estimated by competent judges it was found to be worth only 6,000 francs, at which price it had been purchased as a present for the Empress Josephine, and the proceeds had been paid either to Loustaunau himself or his creditors. Even if it is not bona fide, the plaintiff's claim could not be maintained, as it was barbed by the statute of limitations. The tribunal took this view of the case and rejected the plaintiff's demand.

#### SOME FACTS CONCERNING REPTILES.

Of old, when the waters that covered the earth had subsided, there were, according to tradition and the limited discoveries of geologists, left stranded amid the ooze and mud certain monsters or reptiles which were hideous and repulsive in form. These are said to have been *chelonians* or those belonging to the tortoise family, *saurians* or lizards, and *ophidians* or serpents. Reptiles do not undergo any change of nature and are always air-breathers, although cold-blooded; they have neither mammary or breasts for suckling their young, nor yet hair or feathers. By the two former peculiarities they are distinguished from fishes or batrachians, and by the two latter from the mammals or those which do not suckle their young, and from birds. Reptiles breathe air by their lungs, like birds and mammals, but the pulmonary circulation is incomplete, only a part of the blood being sent to the lungs; while from the ventricles of the heart a mixed arterial and venous blood is sent to the other organs. The number of species of reptiles is set down at 2,000, or less than that of mammals or birds; most of them are terrestrial, but some, it is said, can sustain themselves in the air. Some reptiles live habitually in the water, swimming by means of flattened fins (as the turtles) or by a thin tail, as in crocodiles; others dwell in subterranean burrows.

Every degree of speed is found among reptiles, and while some are fitted for running over dry sand, others are better adapted to climbing trees or ascending smooth surfaces. The means of defence with which nature has provided reptiles are many, and, although their appearance is sufficient to terrify most animals, yet they are furnished with other safeguards, which render an attack upon them, to say the least, unpleasant. The crocodile and turtle are sufficiently protected against ordinary assaults; the agility of the lizard serves him well, for he dashes into his hole at the expense, possibly, of his tail, which is soon reproduced. The great boa can prevail over every foe but man, and the poisonous fangs of other serpents and birds; they preserve their irritability for a long time after death. Tortoises have been known to live 18 days after their brains have been removed. Life seems in a marked degree independent of the brain, as they vegetate rather than live; and being comparatively insensitive to pain, they grow slowly, live long, and are very tenacious of life. The sense of touch is dull, whether exercised by the skin, toes, lips, tongue or tail; taste must be also dull, as the food of reptiles is swallowed without mastication. Reptiles eat and drink comparatively little, and are able to go a long time without food; most of them are oviparous, their eggs being hatched by the heat of the sun. The young when born are able to provide for themselves, and are generally indifferent to the mother, who has neither joys nor the sorrows of maternity.

#### DISCOVERIES AT ROME.

ONE of the hills which towers over the little osteria or inn at Prima Porta is being excavated with good results. On the top of this hill a ruined brick wall, for centuries peering out of the soil, beckoned man to come and dig; but the invitation was answered only this spring, when almost the first spade hit upon the ruins of a villa. The villa, it is said, belonged to Calpurnia, the wife of Caesar; and a clay pipe, exactly resembling a modern drain-pipe, bears in distinct letters the inscription, Calpurnia. From Calpurnia or Caesar the villa may have been inherited by Octavianus and Livia, and through generations it may have remained an imperial summer abode. Scholars now call it Livia's Villa.

A few feet beneath the surface of the soil is found a suite of rooms, no doubt the first floor of the villa. The walls of one of the rooms are, singularly enough, decorated with landscape paintings, a grove of palm and orange trees, with fruits and birds on the branches—the colors all as fresh and lively as if painted yesterday. Though exquisite, they may, however, be looked upon by most visitors with less admiration than surprise: for not only is it a strange taste to decorate rooms of a villa with a representation of trees, but this kind of picture in itself an exception from what we know of antique Art, the Romans, as well as their descendants, being without that romantic feeling which prompts the Teutonic race to landscape painting. A learned friend of mine even expresses a doubt of the decoration being antique; but who in later times would have descended beneath the earth to execute such a work? The ceilings have fallen down; but in their scattered fragments can be seen the beauty of line and color, and the fine floating figures, etc., so well known from Pompeii. Glass and earthenware have been found likewise.

The most essential part, however, of the discoveries, which has caused so much sensation at Rome, is a statue of Augustus. He is clad in his triumphal garb, in armor, the *clibanus* loosely thrown from arm to arm, so as to cover the trunk. On the armor the following emblems in bas-relief are seen. Lowest, Roma, with a cornucopia, the twins at her side. Over her, to the left, Apollon, with his lyre, riding a hippocamp; to the right, Diana on a hind. Over these, to the left, Mars, holding out his sheathed sword (potent or armed Peace); to the right, a figure with a torch and dog, the signification of which I do not know. Over these, and closer together, a soldier with banner and eagle, evidently Loyalty; to the right, a trophy, Victory. Over these a figure in a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, and preceded by sounding Victories, rides into heaven, which Jupiter holds open, or expanded, for their reception.

The statue, 11 Roman palms high, was found quite unseated, with the exception of the feet, and these are but broken off, not lost, and may be easily joined on to the body. At the right foot was an Amor with a dolphin—hunting perhaps at the battle of Actium. This Amor, and some little things about the garment and the right knee are wanting in execution, and in so far the work stands behind, for instance, "Britannicus" in the Museum of the Lateran, whilst by the beauty of the head and the gracefulness of the limbs it surpasses that statue as well as any other of the same period and in the same style.

#### THE ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE IRONSIDES.

The monitors have by their wonderful power and efficiency immortalised, in the annals of war and naval architecture, Capt. Ericsson, their great inventor; but they are not adapted for all service, nor did he so propose them. They have done far more than he expected; but it has been found that in attacking fortifications they labor under disadvantages, and the rebels, who found the wooden steamers irresistible at Port Royal, have stood in no awe of the monitors before Sumter, Wagner and Moultrie. The Ironsides, able to pour in her full broadside, is their recognised aversion, and to drive her from the waters of Charleston is the great object of Southern dreams. In open fight they cannot meet her. Their great Atlanta struck to the monitor Weehawken, after a fight of about as many minutes as it takes to read these paragraphs. Hence they resort to the dastardly concealed torpedoes and infernal machines, so utterly out of character to the Anglo-Saxon, but singularly affectioned by the Latin and would-be Latin races.

On the night of the 5th of October a cigar-shaped steamer, carrying a torpedo far ahead of her, contrived, while another was distracting the attention of the picket-boats, to steal along in the shadow of the shore till opposite the Ironsides, when she put on all steam and made towards her. She was hailed as she came near, but made no reply. All hands were piped to quarters, a gun fired, but the craft was so low in the water that the ball passed over her. As she came nearer a volley of muskets was fired from her, wounding Eosign Howard, the officer of the deck. In another moment she struck full against the side of the Ironsides, and a terrific explosion followed, jarring the great iron plated hull of the Ironsides, and sending an immense column of water into the air, which fell partly on the Ironsides and partly on her assailant. When this had subsided nothing could be seen of the rebel craft; whether overwhelmed by the water, her own explosion, or a shot from the Ironsides, could not be told. Subsequently Lieut. Glassell, C.S.N., was found on a coal-schooner, and a seaman named Toombs, but they could not tell what had become of their companions or their vessel.

The attempt to destroy the Ironsides but proved her stanchness, and resulted in the destruction of the torpedo-users themselves.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother 12 feet high. "He has," he said, "two half-brothers, each measuring six feet."

WHEN SOME ONE was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it. "He is rising in the world," said he; "when he was in England no one thought it worth while to kick him."

A CANDIDATE for auditor of public accounts was called upon for a speech. On rising he commenced—"Gentlemen, you have called upon me for a few remarks. I have none to make—have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker. I do not desire to be a speaker, I only want to be an auditor."

A WOMAN should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, exemplary and zealous.

JUPITER made a wound upon his head to let Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, find her way out, and ever since my mortals have thought it necessary to scratch their heads to enable a wise idea to escape. That's good if it isn't original.

AN eminent divine preached one Sunday morning from the text—"Ye are the children of the devil," and in the afternoon, by a funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

THE celebrated Dr. Bentley, of Salem, was noted for his pertinacity in refusing to exchange with his brethren. Having been asked his reason, he said that "he was not going to have any strange gods rooting round in his sty."

A PROMINENT democrat in Rockland, Maine, got into a political discussion with a lady at a so-called Union meeting during the recent canvass in that State, when the genteel creature expressed her contempt for him by a few applications of the soles of a thick pair of boots to his person.

LITTLE Charles came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato and the potato transferred to his plate before he thought of the usual blessing. Looking up to his father, he says: "Pa, you talk to heaven while I mash my potato." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

A WESTERN paper says that an Arkansas rebel cavalry colonel mounts men by the following order:

First order: "Prepare for to git onto yer creeters."

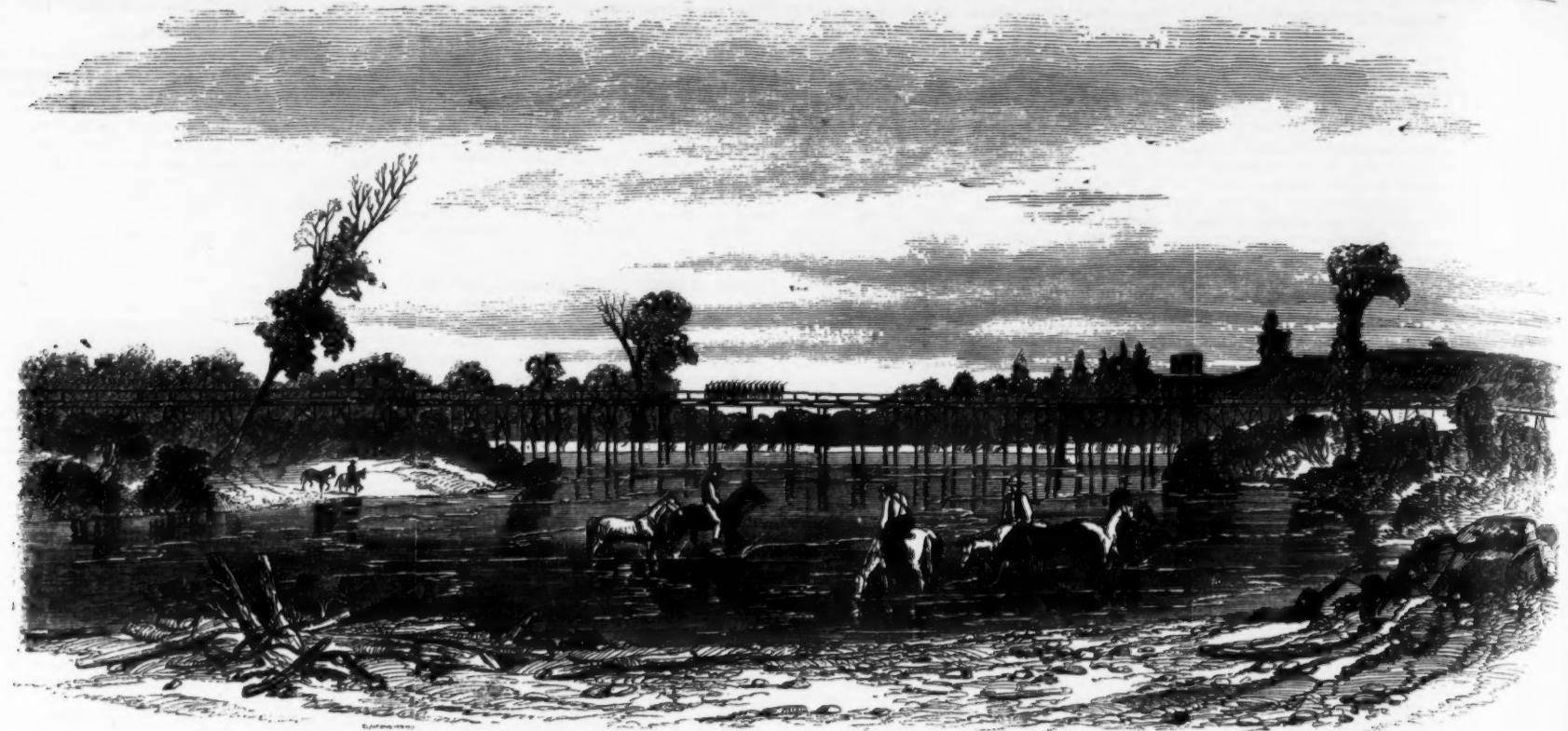
Second order: "Git!"

WHY is life the greatest of all enigmas? Because we shall all have to give it up at last.

THE following is deceptively promulgated under the head of "Zoological Information": "The black tapir is found in many districts of Sumatra, but the red tapir chiefly in the District of Columbia."

THE children are said to be so dirty in a place on Cap. Cod, that a mother frequently goes to the street and washes the faces of half a dozen children before she finds her own!

"WELL, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his sister; "a sect of women philosophers has just sprung up."</p



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK, AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.



SCENE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY WINTFIELD.



FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, MINNESOTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY WINTFIELD.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE IRONSIDES, CAPT. ROWAN, WITH A TORPEDO, OCT. 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



HON. JOHN N. GOODWIN, GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA.



HON. RICHARD M'CORMICK, SECRETARY OF ARIZONA.

**SKETCHES OF THE SIOUX WAR.**

**Indians Stopping Mail Carriers—Scene on Upper Mississippi—St. Anthony's Falls.**

We have had occasion to speak already of the minor war now waged by our Government, that carried on to reduce to quiet the Dakotas or Sioux, who still continue their ravages on the north-western frontier.

Our Artist gives us some personal incidents and adventures during Gen. Sibley's campaign. The mail carriers of the expedition are Chippewa Indians, and on one occasion they were met and stopped by the pikete of the Sioux, who would have killed white men thus engaged, but deemed it policy to use no harsh measures with fellow-Indians, and simply compelled them to return, threatening death in every

form of horror if they persisted in their attempts to serve the Long Knives.

In connection with these movements we also give a scene on the Upper Mississippi, a steamer carrying troops to the war, and a fine view of St. Anthony's Falls, so called by the Franciscan Hennepin, the first literary European to see them, who gave them the name of the favorite Saint of his Order, St. Anthony of Padua.

**THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.**

We present a number of views to give the friends of soldiers in the army of the Potomac and the public generally a picture of life in that camp, soon to become again the scene of more thrilling events. Now the gay laugh and the sport, news from home,

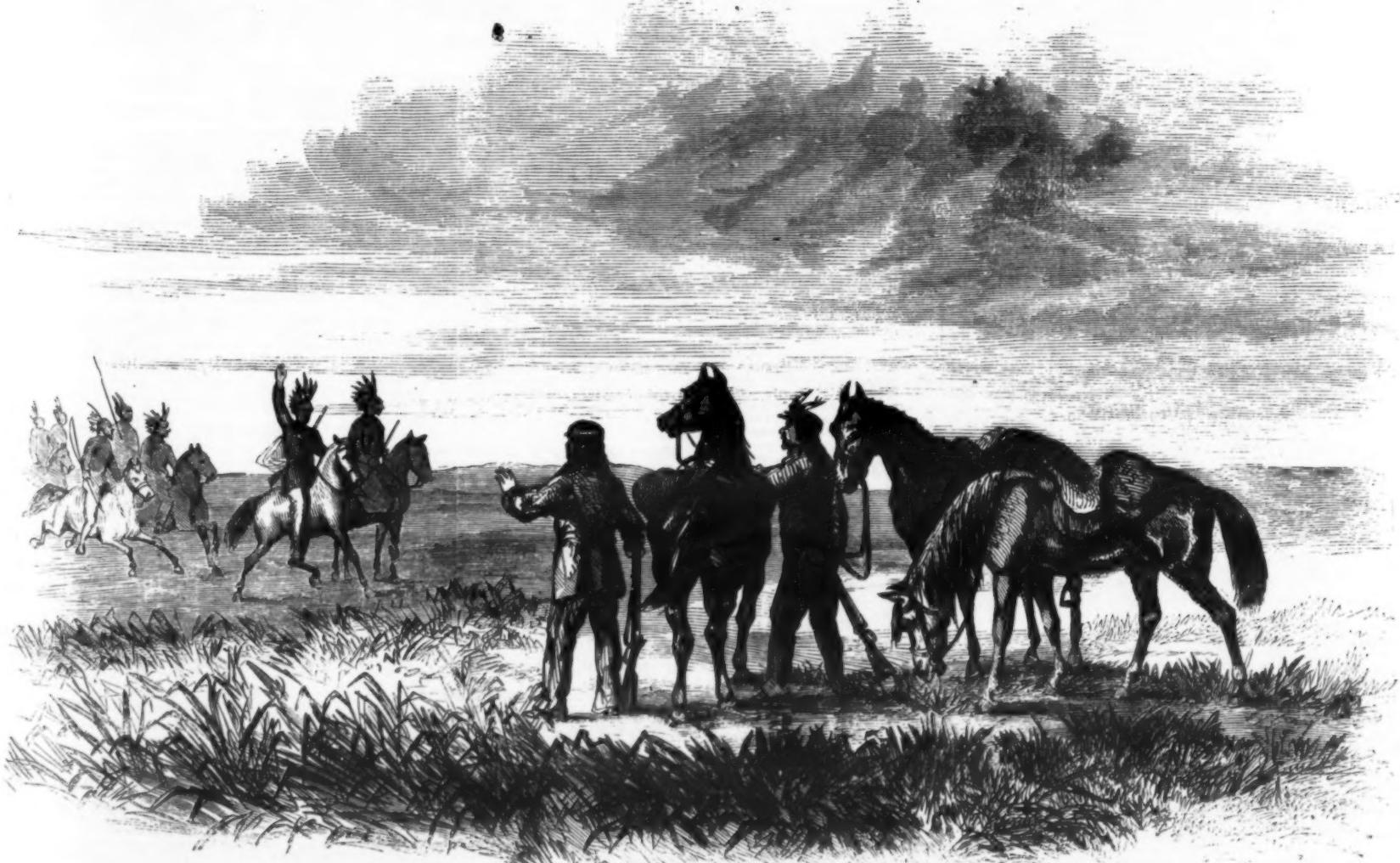
and the rush for papers, have cast into oblivion the darker pictures of the battlefield and the terrible days that follow the deadly struggle of contending armies.

Among our views are the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock, a fine work constructed by our troops, to replace one destroyed by the rebels.

The monotony of camp life, roused to curiosity by the approach of the paper carriers, and then the distribution of the luxuries, the *Herald*, *Frank Leslie*, serious and mirthful, the *Illustrated Paper* and the *Budget*, form two pleasing studies that our readers will examine with pleasure. A signal officer at his post is a warning of dangers ahead; to march in the equinoctial storm is more grotesque in appearance, certainly, than pleasant to experience, and the use of

the blanket gives the army a formidable appearance. The roadside sketches present the Virginian farmer, husbandman by day, guerrilla by night, showing in his looks his hostility to the men whom he regards as invaders, whose sole object is to rob him of his loved and cherished black diamonds; but also the family profiting gladly by the opportunity to sell pies and cakes to the marching soldiers.

On the front we give "Shaving in Camp," which needs no explanation and no recommendation. It tells its own story too completely and is too true to nature for any one to ignore its merit. The bridges shown on the large engraving are the famous stone bridge over Bull Run, now in ruins, but soon, perhaps, to witness the third annual battle, and a bridge rebuilt by the Union troops over Cedar creek, below Catlett's station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, passed by Warren before the attack which he so nobly repulsed on the 11th.



THE SIOUX WAR—U. S. MAIL-CARRIERS STOPPED BY INDIAN SCOUTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GEO. ELLSWORTH.

Oct. 31, 1863.

"She wore a wreath of roses,  
That night when first we met;  
But her noble brow was freckled,  
And she had a beard of jet.  
I only looked a moment,  
So MAN nish was her lip,  
And I wish'd shed use the razor,  
Those ugly hairs to clip.

Again we met—her face of  
Was white as driven snow,  
Gone was the beard, so horrid,  
That on her lip did grow.  
I gazed with pleasure on her,  
I proposed—the made me hope;  
All through GOURAUD'S Poudres Subtile  
And his MEDICATED SOAP.

GOURAUD'S Soap, it is well known, is a positive  
cure for Tan, Pimples, Eruptions, Roughness, and all  
Skin Diseases. Found at DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S  
New Establishment, 453 Broadway, near Grand Street,  
New York. 421

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and  
Navy Officers.

**Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.**

Portability combined with  
great power in Field, Marine,  
Tourists', Opera and general  
out-door day and night  
double perspective glasses,  
will show distinctly a person  
to know him at from 2 to 6  
miles. Spectacles of the  
greatest transparent power  
to strengthen and improve  
the sight, without the distressing result of frequent  
changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

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600½ Broadway, N. Y.

**SPONSALIA MILLINERY ROOMS.**

12 Waverley Place, New York.

MADAME BENEDICT, from Rue de la Paix,  
Paris, begs to announce she has opened her

**ELEGANT SHOWROOMS.**

Replete with EVERY NOVELTY for the Fall  
Season, comprising the various departments  
enumerated below:

**IMPORTED BONNETS,**

**IMPORTED HATS,**

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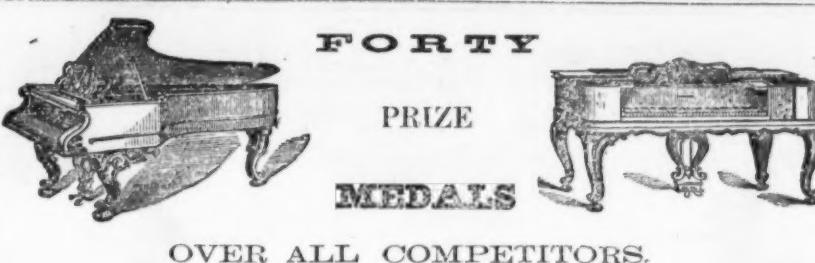
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